

BAY AREA REPORTER

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1528 15TH STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94103

VOL. XIII NO. 31 AUGUST 4, 1983

Santa Clara County Ducks Epidemic

Official Figures Don't Mesh with Real Numbers; Patients Prefer Treatment in S.F.

by Allen White

Michael McKinney is dead of AIDS at the age of 25. In June, two nurses quit their hospital jobs rather than treat patient McKinney. Last week a mortuary refused to accept his body.

With McKinney's death, "officially" no person is living in Santa Clara County with AIDS. Unofficially the number may be as high as several dozen. The circumstances surrounding the death and the statistical accounting practices for people with AIDS in Santa Clara County are surrounded by a callous blackout of information.

While a patient at Santa Clara County's Valley Medical Center, Michael McKinney was diagnosed with AIDS. Two nurses created a media event when they resigned rather than work in a hospital with a person with AIDS. His doctor had him transferred to Stanford University Hospital. Treatment with the drug interferon was given as the primary reason.

He was admitted directly into the intensive care unit, put on a respirator, and listed in serious condition. When admitted, the patient requested a blackout on information regarding his identity and his condition.

Following his death an unexpected blow hit McKinney's family. A mortuary refused to accept the body for embalming.

Officers of the AIDS/KS Foundation in San Francisco and San Jose were notified. By Friday afternoon the Lima Family Mortuary agreed to handle the funeral arrangements. At a private service, Michael McKinney was buried last Monday afternoon.

Funeral director Don Lima told the *Bay Area Reporter* there was absolutely no reason his mortuary would not accept a deceased with AIDS. He acknowledged that extra precautions were taken such as extra sets of gloves. The reason is simply to reduce the chance of any infection should the gloves tear. Lima said the precautions are taken for persons who die of any infectious disease.

(Continued on page 17)

DA Sues Landlord For Discrimination

Lesbian/Gay Parade Committee Evicted From Offices



'83 Parade committee locked out of their rented quarters on Valencia Street in February. This week the D.A. filed charges against the landlord. (Photo: Rink)

San Francisco District Attorney Arlo Smith announced Friday that his Consumer Fraud/Economic Crime Unit has filed a civil suit against Randall Nathan, doing business as

"Rosaire Properties," for discrimination based on sexual orientation involving the Gay/Lesbian Freedom Day Committee, the organizers of the

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Unionizing on Castro

Feds Cite Luisa: Recognize Union, Rehire Employees

Workers Advance at Three Sites

by George Mendenhall

Luisa's, an Italian restaurant on Castro Street, has been served with a complaint from the San Francisco regional office of the National Labor Relations Board. Twelve dismissed employees sought unionization in June and were dismissed. They continue marching outside with signs urging: LUISA, GIVE US OUR JOBS.

"We are alleging," the regional NLRB attorney told *Bay Area Reporter*, "that the union is now the representative of the employees by virtue of the fact that they got a majority to sign unionization cards. The employer prevented a union election by her unlawful conduct in firing the employees. Our act is supported by a U.S. Supreme Court ruling."

(Continued on page 5)



Luisa's under picket seige. This week Feds entered the case. (Photo: Rink)

Holley Sentenced to Life, No Parole

Public Defense Tactics Questioned

On Friday, July 29, Dana Holley, convicted murderer of Gay man William Sink, was sentenced by Superior Court Judge Lucy McCabe.

The nineteen-year old South San Francisco resident was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole. Holley has been in prison for two years.

The Holley case triggered a storm of controversy in local Gay circles because of tactics of Public Defender Peter Keane.

Keane admitted in the jury selection process he purposely excluded Gays. He was challenged by the Prosecuting Attorney, Paul Cummins, as discriminating against a class of people. Keane justified his actions by telling the judge that there existed some sort of vague conspiracy peopled by D.A. Arlo Smith, Gay staffers in the District Attorney's office, and the editor of the *Bay Area Reporter*, Paul Lorch.

Keane also kept the trial from coming to court for close to two years. First he had a survey conducted in hopes of showing that his client could not get a fair trial in San Francisco because of Gay dominance.

In his search for a change of venue, he appealed his claims to the State Supreme Court who in turn denied his claims. The rejections were not unusual, for the survey clearly demonstrated that fair trials could indeed be conducted in San Francisco on Gay cases and that Keane's client, Holley, in particular had not been prejudged. The irony was that Keane knew this and argued otherwise.

He said that his tactics were justified because they got the District Attorney to drop a death sentence charge. District Attorney Arlo Smith flatly denied this as ridiculous. "That's not at all



Dana Holley was sentenced to life imprisonment without parole.

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City Fair Finds Space for Gay Doers & Goers

Jay Davidson was one of 12 recognized as an "unsung hero" last weekend at the San Francisco County Fair. Each year San Franciscans are honored for their contributions to the city by the San Francisco Volunteer Center. Davidson, who is the assistant manager of the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, received his award from Fran McAtcer.



Human Rights Foundation's Bob Sass and Jose Gomez at their S.F. Fair booth. (Photo: Rink)

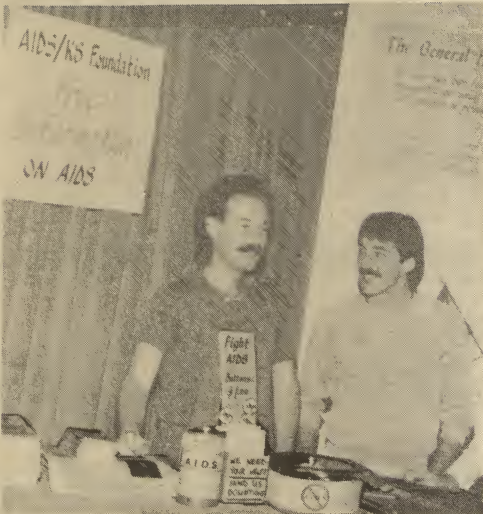
The award ceremony was but one of several activities involving the Gay community at the fair. Saturday the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Marching Band created a stir as they marched from outside Moscone Center to an inside stage. Inside, they presented a mini-concert.

The San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus performed twice on Sunday. Their afternoon performance was greeted by an audience of several hundred persons. The chorus endured the noise of a passing dragon, a cable car bell ringer, endless announcements for lost children, and possibly one of the worst managed sound systems in memory.

At the AIDS/KS Foundation booth and the Shanti Project booth reports continued to come in of an excellent response to information available on the health crisis.

The Gay Games had a booth featuring videotape from the 1982 sports event. The Pride Foundation from Fillmore Street also had information available on their activities.

The San Francisco Fair and Exposition is an event for the



AIDS/KS Foundation booth at S.F. Fair. (Photo: Rink)

people of San Francisco. Planning for the second annual event began several months ago with meetings throughout the city. Many were held for the Gay and Lesbian community. John Cailleau, Vice-President of the Fair Board of Directors gave

priority to substantive participation by Gays. The work paid off not only in the planned activities but also in the composition of the audience.

Preliminary reports indicate that the total attendance will be just under 100,000.

L.A. Gay Prisoners' Status Improved

Hongisto/Hennessey's Policy Adopted in South State

by George Mendenhall

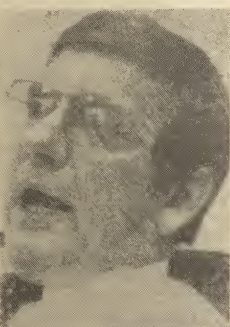
The Los Angeles Sheriff's Department has adopted a prisoner classification system begun by former San Francisco Sheriff Richard Hongisto and refined by Sheriff Michael Hennessey. While the L.A. system once classified prisoners purely by body type and physical condition, it now takes into consideration other factors — a person's Gayness and mental vulnerability. As a result, attacks on incarcerated homosexuals have been reduced from 95% to 15%, according to L.A. Sheriff Captain Nick Popovich.

San Francisco's Sheriff's Department, which manages all of the city and county jails, now has a classification team of deputies who screen every new prisoner. Prisoners are asked a variety of questions, including if the person is Gay. Each prisoner is talked with personally and asked if there is anyone he/she fears who is in the jail. Gay prisoners, if so identified, are put in a "Gay" tank. Non-Gay "vulnerable" (the very young, elderly, or ill) are put in a special "vulnerable" tank. Most prisoners are put in "general population."

Casual and inaccurate screening of prisoners in the past has led to frequent rape (now virtually eliminated in San Francisco and reduced in Los Angeles). The new L.A. system of screening was adopted by Captain Popovich who called in Gay activist David Glascock to serve on a screening board, reported in a recent *Update* article by writer Nancy James.

James says Los Angeles had classified prisoners simply by "fem, soft, or stud." Gay people were called "homos" and some deputies openly discriminated against Gay prisoners. Popovich has halted most of these practices. Homophobic deputies are now transferred elsewhere.

S.F. Supervisor Richard Hongisto received wide support in the Gay community when he successfully ran for sheriff in 1971. He fulfilled a promise to encourage Gay people to become deputies and cracked down on abuses against Gay prisoners at San Bruno jail.



L.A. Sheriff Capt. Nick Popovich

The current sheriff, Hennessey, has a strictly enforced screening procedure for new prisoners to eliminate most homosexual rape and harassment. The presence of many Gay deputies to monitor conditions has also improved the situation that existed for 16 years under former Sheriff Matthew Carberry.

In addition, the Los Angeles Gay tank has been painted — for the first time in 20 years. Hot food is now being prepared near the tank. Cold food had been served, as the 10th floor facility was far from the kitchen. An improved lighting and communications system has been installed.

Not all is perfect at L.A. County Jail. Captain Popovich praised Glascock for his assistance and said progress is being made but "the department resists but it is coming around."

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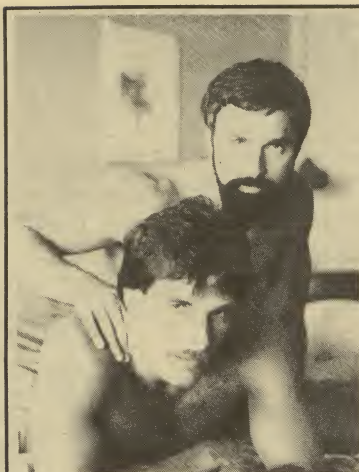
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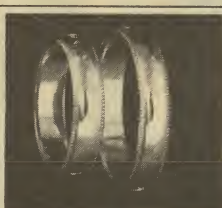
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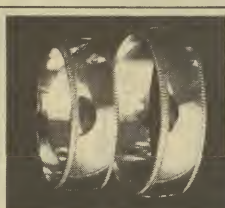
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Gay Advisory Committee Holds Town Meeting for Community Unity

Outsiders See Rivalry Unabated

by Konstantin Berlandt

In the wake of apparent splits within the Gay community compounded by *California Magazine's* article "Whitewash," the Lesbian and Gay Advisory Committee to the Human Rights Commission held a community-wide forum last week entitled "AIDS: Realities and Responsibilities."

The forum, held Monday evening, July 25, at the Women's Building, was a series of six consecutive panels; people with AIDS, elected officials, social service agencies, political clubs, media, and finally community organizations. The event was moderated by Lesbian Judge Mary Morgan.



One of six panels at the unity meeting last week. (Photo: Rink)

A tone of cooperation was set at the outset by Bobby Reynolds and Andrew Small, two with AIDS, discouraging the rivalries of community leaders over the issue of AIDS. Reynolds called such rivalries "bullshit" and said, "People with AIDS don't have time for those kind of games."

He added, "Please don't forget, we can and will speak for ourselves."

Tension in the packed auditorium seemed high during the first hour or two of the meeting, perhaps from a kind of trigger-readiness if anyone did take the first shot. Both audience questioners and panel seemed careful, generally, to avoid continuing the running battles over the last few months, especially characterized as a debate between the Harvey Milk and Alice B. Toklas Democratic Clubs.

Stonewall, Harvey, and Alice Democratic Club representatives; AIDS Political Action Network; and Gay Republicans, represented by Chris Bowman, all pledged to work together on the AIDS issue in the future. Stonewall President Paul Boneberg pointed out that the clubs had been united in the push for AIDS research funding and patient support and had had much more in common than their highly publicized differences.

Sister Boom Boom (Jack Fertig) from the audience attacked Alice President Randy Stallings for contributing to the divisiveness. Stallings responded, "When I'm called 'homicidal' and 'criminally negligent,' I find the need to respond and will do so again." Several Gay and Lesbian leaders were so accused in the "Whitewash" article by both its authors and Milk Club AIDS committee co-chair Catherine Cusic. Mark Virga, Cusic's co-chair on that committee, followed Stallings' remark by saying, "We have not attacked any Gay or Lesbian person on the question of AIDS as a club." His statement was hissed by much of the audience.

Listing their accomplish-

ments in achieving funding for AIDS were representatives from the offices of State Senator Milton Marks, State Assemblyman Art Agnos, Bill Kraus representing Congresswoman Sala Burton, Health Director Merv Silverman representing Mayor Dianne Feinstein, and Supervisor Harry Britt representing himself and State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown.

In a question from Watergarden owner Sal Accardi, Supervisor Britt again repeated he felt people who are still going to the baths and doing "certain sexual practices have a pretty strong psychological investment that makes it difficult to deal with them rationally." The Supervisor declared, however, that he was "not in favor of closing the baths" but was in favor of "intelligent sexual practices."

Accardi, representing the Northern California Bathhouse Association on a later panel, insisted that closing the baths would only be a first step toward shutting down many other Gay businesses.

New AIDS Coordinator for the city's Public Health Department Bill Cunningham expressed his confidence in the previous work of Lesbian and Gay Health Services Coordinator Pat Norman, also attacked in the "Whitewash" article. Cunningham also introduced Gary Titus, who will be working in the AIDS coordination office along with Cunningham and Norman.

The media panel included representatives from *Coming Up!*, *Plexus*, *California Voice*, *Sentinel*, and this reporter from the *B.A.R.* Again, a commitment to work together around AIDS was made, although *Sentinel* Editor Gary Schweikhart excepted the *B.A.R.* from the papers he would work with.

This reporter defended a rage over the limiting of our sexual expression, and urged the political clubs to express and support that rage along with their issuance of recommended do's and don'ts to reduce risk of AIDS.

Gay Democrats Will Fight Redistricting

by Allen White

State and local Gay Democratic leaders last weekend lauded the special December 13 election on reapportionment a major crisis for the Gay community — as well as for themselves.

The dire prediction was broadcast at a meeting of the Lesbian/Gay caucus of the California Democratic Party last Friday night in Oakland. Linda Post, chair of the San Francisco Democratic County Central Committee told the *Bay Area Reporter* that results of the election could be devastating. That the one-time election will cost the taxpayers a whopping \$17 million was a secondary complaint.

Jack Trujillo, party Northern California Secretary, gave the Lesbian/Gay caucus an emotional presentation detailing the consequences of the referendum as he saw it. He said the Sebastiani plan could change up to 40 seats in the State Legislature. On the state level Republicans have a chance to gain control of both legislative houses for the rest of the 20th century. Trujillo said all six women legislators could lose their offices.

Willie Brown, Jr., Speaker of the Assembly from San Francisco complained to the *Bay Area Reporter* that the referendum would strip him of his seat and he would be out of office. His seat would be redistricted to include some of Marin County. Brown would also have to move his residence.

On the national level, Barbara Boxer's congressional seat would be restructured to strip her of San Francisco, Vallejo, and Daly City and give her some of Sonoma County. Henry Waxman, whose district covers predominantly Gay West Hollywood, would also be given tougher territory.

Last month Democratic legislators held up the state budget until Governor Deukmejian's intentions on the election were clear. Democrats toyed with the idea of moving up the California Presidential primary to the December 13 date to get out a Democratic vote. The concept was squelched by the National party officials, and a decision was made to make Deukmejian and the \$17 million cost the primary issue. Trujillo said the Democrats plan to spend \$5 million to fight the plan. The money will be used for mass media and a direct mail campaign.

The Gay caucus, say its participants, is of value to the Democratic Party because of its proven ability to identify voters and assure a large turnout. The caucus strategy will be to educate the Gay community about the Democratic apprehensions over this election.

An immediate result of the December referendum is to put a cloud over an early passage of AB-1. Having passed the California Assembly, the bill is now moving its way through the State Senate committee structure. Art Agnos' aide, Claude Eberhardt told the caucus that several senators were backing off from overt support of the bill because of their election fears should the Sebastiani reapportionment plan pass. Many districts could become more conservative, and shaky legislators are concerned a vote for AB-1 could mean their jobs.

The caucus also began initial planning of Gay input into the 1984 Democratic National Convention to be held in San Francisco. Northern California co-chair Olive Lewis presented some of the ground rules on the platform. Currently there is an issues survey being compiled by

the State Democrats. Gay caucus co-chair Carole Migden is pushing for a dual recognition by the party. The Gay/Lesbian caucus will strive for an identifiable Gay "box" and also push for input into the other areas of the platform.

California is the only state that prepares a platform. As a result, Gay participation in the state platform will carry over into what will become the national platform of the Democratic Party at their convention here in July 1984.

FEDS CITE LUISA

(Continued from page 1)

The attorney, Walter Kintz, said he understands that Luisa is "emotionally wrought about this act, but we are here to enforce the law. The people at Luisa's should have their jobs back, as they were illegally fired. The remedy we are asking is that these people be placed back on their jobs, be given money they have lost, and the union be recognized as the bargaining agent."

The NLRB is an independent federal agency charged with enforcing the National Labor Relations Act. The charges against owner Luisa Hanson were originally filed with the NLRB by Hotel and Restaurant Workers Local 2.

The federal act under which the NLRB operates declares it illegal for an employer to threaten employees with loss of jobs or benefits if they join or vote to join a union, question employees about their union sympathies or activities in circumstances that tend to interfere with and restrain or coerce employees in the exercise of their rights.

Hanson has ten days to answer the NLRB complaint in writing. If she fails to do so, all the charges will be deemed valid. She is also requested to appear before an Administrative Law Judge of the NLRB on December 14 to give testimony.

ber 14 to give testimony.

The dismissed employees allege that in June of this year Luisa Hanson engaged in surveillance and interrogated employees about their union sympathies, promised employees benefits if they withdrew union support, threatened to close the business if it was unionized, threatened to dismiss employees or reduce their hours if they supported unionizing, discharged employees because of their union activities, and told dismissed employees that they could be rehired if they abandoned union activities. The NLRB alleges that, if true, all of these practices violate the federal National Labor Relations Act.

Attorney Albert Abram, representing Luisa's, said, "We fight our battles before the tribunal. Luisa has been advised to make no comment. The public should hear about our case through the tribunals and not through the media. We will be responding to the complaint and our response will be made public by the NLRB. It should be no surprise to you that there will be a general denial of the accusations."

WITHOUT RESERVATIONS

Attorney Kintz explained that a different situation exists at another Castro restaurant, Without Reservations: Fifteen of the twenty employees signed

union cards several months ago. Management agreed to verify the cards were legitimate by calling in a Catholic priest. He determined that the cards were proper — which is virtually the same as holding an election.

Without Reservations management then filed to have the card check invalidated. It lost that request before a local NLRB judge and has appealed to the NLRB in Washington, D.C.

NEW YORK CITY DELI

Employees are back to work at the New York City Deli after a protracted strike. Management has signed with Local 2 establishing a union shop. Workers had walked out when the employer refused to recognize union representation.

UNION ORGANIZING

Gary Guthman, Local 2 Business Agent, explains that in each instance cited workers have come to the union for information. He said that poor working conditions and low wages have been alleged by inquiring workers. Guthman insisted that Local 2 has not attempted to organize workers in businesses where help has not been requested.

G. Mendenhall



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VOL. XIII NO. 31 AUGUST 4, 1983 NEXT ISSUE OUT: AUGUST 11 NEXT DEADLINE: 5

VIEWPOINT

Continuing Coverage

One of the offshoots of the coming-out of AIDS has been the unfortunate, unpleasant scene depicted in the photograph below. Rink caught these youngsters as their Muni Metro approached the Market and Castro station. The Castro represented disease, and one repels disease by covering one's mouth. And we all know that no cruelty can be crueler than a child's when that child deems to be cruel.



(Photo: Rink)

The scene is not an isolated one — the peripatetic Rink happened along at the right (or wrong) time. Every few days since we upped the ante on AIDS last March, the phone rings with some tale of an ugly moment between a Gay male and a fearful (and/or hateful) non-Gay person. The tales have ranged from a washing machine repairman who refused to enter a Gay bathhouse for fear of catching AIDS (would that they had purchased a Maytag) to a tale-telling of a restaurant provender who told a Gay cook he would leave the meat on the sidewalk and that the kitchen help would have to retrieve it.

From there everyone has their favorite horror story: the morticians who won't embalm, the bus driver who wears mittens, the TV technicians who want to keep their mikes unspilt, the nurses with yellow fever. And we will collect an anthology before it's over.

This kind of fallout was not unexpected because when the community in a kind of collective unconsciousness embarked on a rush to inform ourselves as well as our non-Gay neighbors that there was a rapacious wolf within the house of man, we let the shades up with a bang. We sounded the alarm and we brought upon our heads the fruits of the gods of publicity. We also brought down the furies of those same gods: the mismanagement of misinformation, the virus of half-truths, the plague of rumor.

All the same, the job has been accomplished. A *Newsweek* poll of July 21, 1983, reveals that 91% of the populace has heard of a disease called AIDS. A month previous 77% had heard of AIDS. If we subtract that increase backwards per month, we find that as recently as February only 20% of the populace had heard of "a disease called AIDS."

Our noisemaking, our public outcries, the thousands of Gays and Lesbians across the nation who put themselves on the line to spotlight this terrible blight, the doctors who jumped into the breach, the politicians like Dianne Feinstein — who met the malaise head on — eyeball to eyeball . . . and never flinched. Today we are reaping the attention we demanded.

I suspect we'll never fully grasp the magnitude of what we've wrought in five short months. Almost everybody who is — knows about AIDS. Everybody who knows about AIDS is concerned about AIDS. Things are happening . . . almost too quickly.

The price for this national enlightening is that there are no secrets left. We've exposed our most private of privacies. Our sex lives. At this moment the Gay community is extraordinarily vulnerable. To save lives — both our own and our straight counterparts — we have let blood for the sake of the commonwealth.

(Continued on page 14)

LETTERS

The Gay Youth Series

★ As a person who deals on a daily basis with the problems of many of the Gay youth in San Francisco, I commend you for the Gay Youth Series.

I just don't think you took "it" far enough.

The "Gay Community" needs to look like any other "system" — the Social Service System perpetuates itself. These kids go through a "revolving door" and in most cases wind up "back on the streets."

I'm not saying that there are not a lot of "good" people doing a hell of a job with these kids, I'm saying they have case loads that would deny them an opportunity of doing all that needs to be done on an individual basis.

Most "social workers" spend half their time putting fires out. They deal with the "heavy" cases, and it leaves little or no time for a kid who just needs someone to talk to, or someone to sign them up for school, or just to let them know that someone gives a damn.

A referral comes suddenly, and the system cannot react fast enough, automatically enough, to cope with it. It is as if the assumption is "no one's coming" — and when someone does, when a life changing issue erupts, when reputation or survival or character is on the line, there is no vehicle to the resource, "ready to take over." We find ourselves most revealed in our reactions to crises we cannot predict.

These kids need adult advocacy, because they have been left to fend for themselves and care for each other.

Young "Gay" people need credible adult examples and a continuity of love, care and concern.

Who are our children's keepers? *We are!* And we owe them an opportunity to become "themselves" with every innovation it takes to get them there.

"We (the Gay community) have scattered too many fragments of young spirits — and too many are the children of our longing. We should not and cannot withdraw from them, without an ache."

There are solutions to these problems. Stand up, be counted, volunteer. We need You!

Wayne Smith
Director Emeritus, Partners — GCMCC
San Francisco

Hot River Chicken . . . Shit

★ Summers on the river are not what they once were. And this is not a letter about Ronnnetette, though anybody who refers to Alexander Haig as "the old asshole" is all right in my book.

Last Sunday, after a hard day of working on my tan, I repaired with two quiet and sober companions to the Rusty Nail, a favorite hangout of mine for years whenever I'm in the area. Make that a former favorite.

We placed our orders for food at 6:30 (we were all wearing watches), ordered drinks, and sat back to wait. And wait. At 7:35, my friends' food arrived, but still no chicken for me. I decided to see what the hold-up was since we had all placed our orders at the same time.

The cook very curtly informed me that my order was coming up next, as soon as she finished grilling two cobs of corn. Well, as more than an hour had passed since I had ordered, I suggested (rather politely, I thought, as I restrained myself from saying fuck or goddam) that she put the chicken on the grill at the same time as the corn. Plenty of room for all. Let's be inventive, right?

The cook balked at this idea of having her authority questioned, but one of the other women there agreed that my idea did contain a certain clear-eyed logic, and the cook sullenly laid my poor tired chicken to rest.

At ten minutes to eight, my number was called, and, weak from hunger, I proceeded to the grill to pick up my food, at which time I remarked to the cook that I had been waiting for more than an hour. (My friends had long since finished eating.)

At this time, our chef asks with all the gimlet-eyed concern of Joan Crawford inquiring after the health of Mercedes McCambridge, "Are you getting temperamental on me? I can refuse service, yuh know. Would you like your money back?"

I got my money back and left. For good. Do I have to put up with this shit? Do they serve chicken at File's? And I don't need any of that Ann-Landers-if-that's-the-worst-problem-you've-got shit, either.

Tom Machado

Blood's Directed

★ Last week I was called by the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank and asked if I could come in and donate blood. "Sure," I said, "I'll stop by the downtown center tomorrow morning."

When registering at the front desk, I was asked how I wanted my donation credited. My natural reaction was to name the account of the corporation where I work — I've been contributing to that account for years.

But then I asked: "Is it possible for me to donate to the KS foundation, or does some other AIDS-related group have a blood bank account?"

"No," I was told, "they don't have any group accounts set up as yet. But you can donate directly to an AIDS patient if you wish."

"Oh, I don't have the name of any specific individual — I was just hoping that I could make a general donation."

"Well, if you want to, you can designate a specific hospital and just say that the blood credit is to be a gift for an AIDS patient."

After some discussion, I decided to make my donation to SF General — although UC Med and RK Davies were also suggested. My donor sign-in sheet and my receipt were both duly marked "SF General Hospital, AIDS patient Gift Donation."

Then, when I went in to donate, the Nurse commented that my choice of recipient "was really a nice thing to do!" She went on to say that the number of donors has dropped lately because some people are unsure of how safe it is to donate blood! The stories about blood products, needles, etc. has frightened some donors.

Hats off to the Irwin Memorial Blood Bank staff! They took the time and effort to make it possible for me to credit my donation to an AIDS recipient, and they displayed a warm, positive, caring attitude toward the AIDS crisis.

Let's hope that there will soon be an "official" KS/AIDS blood bank account at Irwin!

G. Cotter
San Francisco

A Change of Praise

★ How about some praise and recognition for a few Castro District merchants whose storefront windows consistently bring imagination, good taste, and unique pride to what could otherwise be a stereotypical ghetto reflection of a minority lifestyle.

"All That Jazz" and "Lenny's Linen Closet" on 18th Street; and "The Obelisk" and "Mainline Gifts" on Castro Street are representative of but only four enterprises — among, no doubt, others — which really "try harder." And, if you are interested in good art, well displayed and reasonably priced, try "Custom Framers," — but don't be fooled by their name. Their superlative taste and quality belies their "understated" designation.

Thomas M. Edwards
San Francisco

B.A.R.

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LETTERS

Some Polk Street Thoughts

★ Re: Dion Sanders' article on Gay Youth. This Polk Street that you mention — is this in a different city? San Jose? L.A.? The wide-eyed waifs, unwanted orphans, and abused children the article seems to describe must be on another Polk Street in another town. The hustlers on the Polk Street that I walk down have their doofy Farrah Fawcett-failure girlfriends hanging around outside Gay establishments, laughing at fag-gots, posing macho hateful faces and postures, using the bathrooms in Gay establishments and being general prickteasers to the lonely and friendless who are in search of a warm body to fill up at night.

Sure there are Gay hustlers on the strip; but they at times have even worse attitude problems than the fag-phobes. There is, on occasion, the lone wolf with the helpless "don't look at me doing this" look but that is rare.

Perhaps the Gay community needs to look at itself and ask why such a sick system is perpetuated. This is fear and loathing on the street. Mistrust and absolute lack of respect for the humanity that prowls the streets goes on and on and on in an epidemic older than AIDS and which will outlast it more than likely. The homophobes and their breeding partners (whose presence is appalling and tasteless) should go away and leave us alone, but some of us won't let them while the rest of us suffer when they act out their homophobia.

This, I guess, gets into a related area discussed in the same issue of *B.A.R.*: anti-Gay violence. If Gay youths started hanging outside straight establishments and beating up patrons, how long would that be tolerated? It sure as hell might bring the message home. Taxes are neither Gay nor straight.

"You can't legislate attitudes" is an old saw from civil rights days. But god damn it, not enforcing laws equally sure perpetuates sick "we can get away with it" attitudes. Suppose a group of Gays pushed a straight man through a window on Haight Street? Perhaps Gay vigilantes is a good idea, considering the recent events in our fair city and Seattle. Why do only the Gay papers cover such violence? It's great for informing the Gay community of the world's hatred of us like we don't know, and the violence that proceeds from that hatred like we don't know.

Perhaps the Seattle article should be published by the famous homophobe rag, *The Enquirer*, or *Good Housekeeping* or *Reader's Digest*. We know what's happening to us. It's time we asked of the other team — why are you letting this shit happen to your fellow earthlings? Either defend this violence from your pulpits or condemn it. Either give equal time to anti Gay violence instead of "The Gay Plague" or drop it. Either teach tolerant attitudes to your wild dogs or watch your violence and hatred (the gifts you seem to think we need more than love) or see your gifts returned.

Thank you, *B.A.R.* I feel ten pounds lighter already.

Michael E.
San Francisco

Stealing the Show

★ Dear Karl Stewart,

This is in reply to your column *My Knights In Leather*, in the July 28 issue of *B.A.R.* It was a review of the party given for the David Society at the Phillips Hotel.

Your writeup on the entertainers does not give credit where it is due. Jessica Smith's and Conrad's performances were entertaining but nowhere near the quality of the one given by Debbie Saunders. I'd like to hear more about this local musician. If you had been there, I don't understand how this could have happened. Are your perceptions off? Or are you just biased against giving attention where it is due? If you had been there you would have realized that Debbie stole the show. Rarely do I experience a performer with a talent of such high caliber. This talent to mesmerize an entire audience and take them away with her. She made that event a success. So sharpen up your pencil and your perceptions, Karl, and give this singer the recognition she deserves.

Polly Wilson
San Francisco

Unaltered Habits

★ If you can indulge me, I would like to respond to three of the letters in the July 28 issue. Mr. Wagner seems a bit impatient with "crackpot letters." Actually, though, they are part of the *B.A.R.*'s great success, a kind of profile of the times that is worth preserving. I see your readers quite riveted to the "letters" section. Let's keep our sense of humor. We are a varied lot of humans, and (to paraphrase Shakespeare's Edmund) "now gods, stand up for crackpots" (*King Lear* I.ii.22).

Like Carl Moon (and Paul Lorch) I am a bit apprehensive about the hot prison pal letters. Yes, we do have a choice to write to a felon or not, and I believe that we shouldn't be totally susceptible of the motives of these people, who, it may be true, were "unlucky enough to get caught"; nonetheless, wouldn't you feel a bit responsible if some of your fantasy-seeking readers were ultimately murdered by an ex-con? Perhaps this is far-fetched; perhaps not.

Finally, let me turn to the more complicated issue raised in Joe Butkie's letter. Rationally, it seems impossible to argue against Butkie's point that the baths are dangerous to one's health. Indeed, it was for that reason that I co-signed a letter with Joe to the *B.A.R.* (June 16) suggesting that the baths be closed. I still believe that, but even as I signed the letter I told Joe that I would continue to frequent the baths. Of course this is contradictory, but we are more than rational crea-

tures. The psychological, sensual, emotional (in short, non-rational) aspects of many persons' natures are fulfilled in the baths. To describe it as "sexual feasting" is perhaps accurate, though it is a disgustingly prissy judgment. In short, the baths fill a need (at least for some) that outweighs the risk. Yet I have to admit that this is a selfish attitude.

There are, in spite of the above, some rational reasons for not fearing the baths: many people have contracted CMV and AIDS who have never attended the baths. (Since I know Joe Butkie extremely well, I can attest that he has first-hand knowledge of such people). Dan Turner — a *B.A.R.* writer in the forefront as an AIDS patient — has not been a bath and bar-goer. I wonder if excessive (whatever that means) promiscuity produces immunity! Crazy things can happen. I do know that bath patrons are well-scrubbed. Does this make the sex safe?

One last point, though I know this doesn't quite fit in as a rational reason for frequenting the tubs: There is no reason to expect a cure for AIDS in our lifetime. I pray that this occurs, but money alone will not bring an end to this scourge. The general population has been struggling against cancer for millennia, and we are just beginning to see some hopeful results. I say this not to be morbid but in order to explain why I have not changed my lifestyle in any way: I am simply unwilling (unable?) to alter my habits for the next forty or so years of my life.

Roger Silver
San Francisco

Big Deal, Not Koshier

★ Well, waddaya know... in your last issue I saw not one but two, count 'em, two pictures of me and for the sixth time in a row I was not identified correctly, but then I have come to expect that. At any rate, after speaking to Rink and knowing Karl Stewart as I do, I now understand the answer lies in two silly words: John Karr.

So listen, sweeties, there's only one Jewish nun who sometimes wears gold, and as Mistress of Communications for the Sisters, I hope no one thinks I'm giving up the habit. As for the many who do know me, we are laughing together. For those who sort of know me, just a reminder that Sadie Sadie is Gil Block and not Bill Roberts. (Wanna know me better? I'm in the book.) Of course, if you would splice back together the picture that wasn't supposed to be cut in half, you would see Sister Salvation Arnee and I together — we really are two different people.

Anyway, I want you to know that I shall always continue to read the *B.A.R.* I pay particular attention to your main disclaimer just under the words "Open Forum" on the editorial page and then I am reminded what a bargain I am getting. I don't have to bother with the National Lampoon to get my chuckles and the price sure is right.

Sister Sadie, Sadie, the Rabbi Lady
Sometimes he's Gil Block
San Francisco

Gay Humor

★ So far it's been a summer of bad news: more gay men being murdered by bigots, more AIDS sensationalism by the media, and more wrangling within local gay organizations. It's almost got to the point that I dread reading the front section of the *Bay Area Reporter* because I know it's going to be a downer.

But just when I began to think that Gay humor was dead, here comes the series "A Waitress in Bohemia" by the ever-crazed Ronnette. What fun! What trashiness! What flashes of truth! Maybe I enjoy the series because I, too, was once a waiter in a straight summer resort for the rich (and lusted after by my share of busboys).

But whatever the reason, I'm glad Ronnette has brought laughter to the grim summer of 1983. Keep this man at his typewriter; our community needs to be reminded that gay and lesbian humor has always been one of the key factors to our survival and mental health.

Kim Cortright
San Francisco

P.S. Maybe Ronnette's next "waitress" job should be at the Commonwealth Club...

The New Script

★ It is frightening. The gross ignorance. It's now easy to see how Hitler came to power. Wake up, people; use your heads! Jim Jones started off as a well-meaning decent-in-all-walks Christian.

A lot of people have swallowed a BIG lie. A lot of people have accepted the theory that AIDS is communicable. Nobody has proved it. And now that they've gotten you to swallow the first one, they're going for the second one: Gay is unnatural. Subliminal homophobia at work.

Then they're going to tell you to get on the train for a vacation in the hills... you know, it's all God's will. Spandau ballet.

Jim Boeger
San Francisco

Death Row Pal

★ I am a prisoner on death row, and I haven't anyone to write to. So would you please print this letter in your newspaper? I am 25 years old, white male, blue eyes, brown hair, and I weigh 130 lbs.

Elroy Preston, CP-19
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LETTERS

B & W Thanks

★ I would like to give thanks and support to the Black and White Men Together of San Francisco for their fundraising efforts on Freedom Day 1983.

Their effort of fundraising benefited both BWMT of SF and Deaf Community Relay. We were presented with a check for \$100 of which we are most thankful.

I would like to say thanks to BWMT of SF and all those who attended the Ebony Party on Freedom Day 1983 and especially thank Mr. George Clements for his efforts in seeing the party a success.

On behalf of Deaf, Hearing or Speech impaired, we say thanks for a job well done! We look forward to doing future events together.

Brad Schock, MSWI
Director, Deaf Community Relay
San Francisco

Arts Helpers

★ Three cheers for Randall Krivonic! The comments which he puts forward in his recent letter to your paper are definitely well taken.

Anyone who has had even the slightest involvement in the arts (or with artists) would have to agree that more support is required from the community for these people who make such a significant contribution to us all.

Having had, on one or two occasions, the opportunity to "rub shoulders" with the artistic community (gay and otherwise), I am obliged to express amazement at the variety and number of talented people among us — most of whom, unfortunately, never have a significant opportunity to display these talents. For that, we are all poorer.

Now that so much of our energy has been channeled away from our fervent sexual pursuits, it seems like the proper time to direct some of this energy towards assisting our artists to get more of the attention and rewards which they so rightly deserve. We must also work to put more of our artists before more than just the gay community — the community at large should be helped to see how much we have to offer.

I would like to invite other interested persons to join with me in forming some kind of organization/support group whose sole purpose for existing will be to achieve these goals.

Perhaps art auctions could be held with the proceeds to go toward a scholarship fund for deserving artists.

Maybe a major event and a series of exhibitions highlighting Gay entertainers/artists could be held during Gay Pride Week, or in conjunction with the Gay Games in 1986.

Why couldn't we help struggling artists finance low cost exhibitions or events?

If you would like to participate in such a venture, please contact me at the address shown below.

Bob Turner
P.O. Box 14611
San Francisco, CA 94114

Cures

★ I haven't heard about Jerry Falwell claiming to be any kind of expert on AIDS — merely on homophobia. Why was he on the Channel 7 special on AIDS in the first place?

The picture of a family in surgical masks on the cover of his newsletter was apparently intended to imply (erroneously, we assume) that AIDS is transmitted by respiratory aerosols, thereby having nothing to do with sexual lifestyles.

He seemed to be suggesting a close relationship between morals and health standards. I would agree with him. There are no meaningful moral rules which aren't intended by someone to in some way work toward individual or societal, mental or physical health. Unfortunately, some of the rules from the past are long out of date, but people like Jerry tend to hang on to the rules and forget the reasons.

I'm a strong believer in "free love" — meaning freedom to love anybody and everybody, and express it in any way that works. Touch can be a particularly nice and effective way of expressing love. But our culture seems to have confused sex with touching, to the point where we hardly ever touch for any other purpose and sex often becomes just an excuse, to fulfill the greater need for touch.

Thus, free expression of love leads to the spread of VD. Today, with AIDS, this has become a critical issue. I think it is the responsibility of, and for the good of, those who believe in free love to lead the battle against VD.

Until we understand it better, little can be done about AIDS except to avoid exchanging bodily fluids, especially anally, with new partners. One other approach, though, would be to encourage AIDS victims to come together with other victims, perhaps by establishing congenial meeting places specifically for them. I won't try to guess whether they would get any business. One particularly scary aspect of AIDS (or any not-understood disease) is that it could have a short contagious period and a long period before noticeable symptoms develop. Therefore, researchers could never find the infectious agent in those who had the symptoms, and we may have been spreading it widely long before it became an evident danger.

I would suggest that when one goes to a VD clinic and is found to be clean he gets

a dated, code-numbered card. (Those who were out of the closets would also have their name and picture on the card.) The card would have perforated tabs with the code number on them. New sex partners would exchange tabs. Soon a person without a card or with an old or used up card would be less welcome. If I found that I had VD, I would turn my recently collected tabs over to the clinic and they would contact those people by whatever means they had requested. There might be a published list of the code numbers of those people who should come to the clinic.

This "registration" system (of "clean" people only) is subject to abuse, but life involves risks — the more of one, the more of the other. For me, the risk and worry of being found out by the wrong people (usually a one-time occurrence) is better than the continued risk and worry of VD. Of course, this will potentially give the authorities one more way to keep track of us, but they already have all they need.

I suppose the above plan assumes that a cure for AIDS will be found before the fear of it completely wipes out the other diseases.

Dan Robinson
San Francisco

Chicana/o

★ Let me introduce myself. I am known as "Chica" but my true name is Theresa Rodriguez. I am a 31-year old Chicana and I am Gay. My reason for writing this letter is because I think there is a need for such a letter and also hope to unite all Gay peoples.

To all my Chicana Gay sisters and Chicano Gay brothers involved in the Gay lifestyle, it behooves us to take a good look at what is happening in the Gay community regarding our nonexistent involvement and representation in the Gay community.

Ask yourself or see for yourself. Do you see Gay Chicanas and Gay Chicanos reaching out for each other and supporting each other? If your observation is the same as mine, the answer is no. This definitely does not seem to be happening among us. Now ask yourself, why not? The answer is, I think we are not being recognized, involved, and represented in the different vital elements of the Gay community.

Now I want to talk to you, my Gay Chicana sisters and Gay Chicano brothers, about organizing a Gay Chicano Support Group. Hopefully this group will try to address issues in the Gay community in regard to Gay Chicano representation and involvement as well as issues in the Gay Chicano community, provide a pool of role models for young Gay Chicanas and youth in general. Specifically, however, to start a dialogue with the Gay community at large.

If you are interested in getting involved in such an endeavor, we urgently request that you call "Chica" at 441-7372 or Xavier at 1-756-1942. Please call us because we can't do this without your support, ideas, and input.

"Chica" Rodriguez
A. Xavier Magallan

To Deborah Gee, KGO Producer

★ I was absolutely appalled by the local documentary, "AIDS: Anatomy of a Crisis," shown on your station. As a gay man and as a health-care provider, I was offended by the sensationalism and crisis-producing effect of the program.

It was bad enough to have the program begin with an almost endless recanting of catchy news headlines, but the most irrelevant and offensive segment was the attention (and especially the excessive amount of it) given to Jerry Falwell and his rude interruptions.

The bath-house scenes were also unnecessary, diversionary, and played into the hands of the morality-mongers. It was inflammatory while having essentially nothing to do with the AIDS issue. The problem of AIDS transmission is not going to be solved by blaming and closing a few business establishments.

Why couldn't you have included comments about efforts in the gay community to promote healthy sexual practices? Why couldn't we have good press for the support of Lia Belli, Art Agnos, and others in the political arena? How about efforts within the gay community to raise funds for fighting AIDS? Where was current factual information about the recent reports of declines or leveling off of the disease in areas where concern has been highest and now appears to be starting to have an impact on the number of new cases being reported? Why wasn't there an update on current medical therapy and its effectiveness with the different AIDS conditions? Why weren't the KS Foundation, Shanti Project, and other such efforts portrayed? Why wasn't anything presented to help stem irrational fears by the public at large?

Lecil Hander, D.C.
San Francisco

Grading

★ Just to say that Keith White's dance reviews continue to inform and illuminate — more so than anyone else's (locally). All that's wrong is he ought to write more of them! What also especially gratifies is his insight into "sacred cows" of the ballet world, such as the much-overrated Ashton.

Scott Treimel rates an A+ for his expert, professional feature on Guerneville. As for Bluestein on the "Bohos," an F. The second installment was unreadable.

Reed Vernon
San Francisco

LETTERS

Sugar Responds

★ A. My friends and I have nicknamed the B.A.R. the "AIDS Gazette."

B. My ex-lover washes his hands before he pees and after (didn't his mother teach him not to pee on his hands?) and has given up sex for hypochondria; he hasn't had sex with anyone in years.

C. Steve Perkins yodeling in a steamroom is enough to make me take my baths at home. He is a cold sore on the lip of life.

D. When are you going to publish the collected letters of David Kaye?

E. That was a great story by Ron Bluestein. Another Bohemia, please.

F. Listen to KGO's David Lamble; I'll be on soon. You can call in and we can have a celebrity bitch fight.

Jon Sugar
San Francisco

Hang Together

★ For the sake of accuracy, I think the CUAV should drop the "U" from its initials, since our response to violence can only be loosely described as "united." It's truly embarrassing that a few young thugs can roam our neighborhoods, or board a 24 at Market & Castro, areas where they are clearly outnumbered, and succeed in attacking or abusing us with impunity. When we witness such an incident, our response should be en masse and in kind, not to ignore it or scatter like so many frightened sheep. We have to hang together at these times or we most certainly will hang separately.

Blowing a whistle is undoubtedly practical in many situations, but where we outnumber our attackers let's make them blow whistles. Machismo respects nothing but strength, and we do have strength in our numbers if we can communicate enough to use it. To allow ourselves to be continuously victimized in such a manner is to be truly worthy of the name "sissies."

K. Willard Shuck
San Francisco

Come Back, Red Queen

★ While organizing for a recent move I came across part of an article from *Blueboy* magazine published in early 1978, and found it instructive when viewed in the light of all that's happened since then:

"Paris has benefited of late from an influx of Vietnamese civilians after that dreadful war, so there are lots of Vietnamese restaurants which are quite chic at the moment. It also means a lot of Oriental youths are available if the East is your penchant."

The callous, amoral tone is chilling when you think about it: War = good food = hot sex; the world consists of subjects (the hip Gay readers with \$ to travel) and objects (everybody and everything else, including, evidently, history itself); the objects exist for no other purpose than to be used by the subjects; and pleasure is the highest good.

That same issue carried a paean of joy for the re-sounding success of Gay liberation in America, asserting that neither the handshake of the 50's nor the embrace of the 60's could do it, but that "it took the fucking and sucking of the 70's to make the difference." Perhaps this is what Edmund White meant when he said a man is more a man, not less, for being Gay.

In the continuing clamor over who's to blame for AIDS and who is and is not doing enough to fight it, one salient point is seldom mentioned: that in the end we will have to re-examine, not only the outside signs of what *Blueboy* so aptly refers to as our "penchants" (back rooms, fisting, etc.), but also the underlying assumptions of what a man is in truth, at the very center, where lust rules unassailed and other people are things and things are next to nothing as long as he gets his rocks off, even if it be on the detritus, however chic, of that "dreadful war."

Meanwhile, and just for fun of course, "Mr. Southern California Drummer . . . brutalizes his slaves shortly before they revolt as he enacts a fantasy during the contest." (B.A.R., 7-7-83)

R. J. Florence
San Francisco

TV Fare

★ This is a copy of a letter I've sent to KGO-TV:
Re: "AIDS: The Medical Nightmare"

More yellow garbage from your third-rate, third-rated news department. While people are dying, you invite your viewers to "vote" on working beside an AIDS patient. While people are dying, you air a sleazy, snazzy political melodrama instead of providing vital information. While people are dying, and others need to have more knowledge of what AIDS is and does, you give airtime to Jerry Falwell.

I am editing Channel 7 out of my television's remote control box so that I can pass automatically from Channel 6 to 8 without having to watch any of your programming. (Just called several friends who agree it's a great suggestion. Guess we've had it with the trash that KGO smears over the airwaves.)

Aaron Travis
San Francisco

Boom Boom is Out!

★ It was sweet of Wayne Friday to plug the group that's trying to draft me for the mayoral campaign. Really, though, I have no intention of running. Please, Wayne, rather than pushing me so, why don't you tell people with checks to mail what the address of the Shanti Project is?

Sister Boom Boom
San Francisco



(Photo: Rink)

Love and Living

★ I would like to publicly acknowledge and support Mr. J.C. Cox on his letter "On Gay Life and Loving" that appeared in the July 21 B.A.R. It's been a long time since I've seen such honesty and warmth displayed in your pages, even with the many other excellent letters about Gay life and loving which have appeared.

I too have been in a relationship, slowly learning how to love, care and share. For a long time I believed I was somehow unlovable and incapable of maintaining a relationship. But another portion of myself knew better, and I have listened. My lover knows better also, of course, but I had to listen to and love myself first.

We met here over five years ago when I was living in New York. The following Halloween, I moved out here, and we have lived together ever since, most of the time quite happily. We are still very different in many ways, but I am slowly starting to realize how important these differences are to the dynamics of our relationship. A clone of myself won't help me grow.

I attribute much of my success in this relationship to a change in my attitude and outlook on life. Before I was ready for any healthy relationship, I had to take responsibility for all of my experiences, feelings, attitudes, and actions. I also had to get in touch with the joyous, expanding, eternal nature of love itself. I'm still working a lot on trust — trust in myself (before I can trust Bill), in the basic good intent of all human beings, and in the nature of love. Love surpasses intellectual beliefs about what "should be." It also surpasses time and space, and in its eyes all differences can be viewed in a healthy way. Even our worst arguments can help us grow closer.

If you think you want a lover and don't know where or how to find one, ask yourself what is getting in the way. In their own way, answers will come. There are no prescriptions or formulas, and neither I nor anyone else can tell you how. You must find your own path. For me, it helped to look honestly at how I view being Gay, love, what I expect of others, and why I am here in this world in the first place. It also helped me to imagine being with someone and to feel the love I thought I wanted flowing outwards towards him. It helped to imagine having fun with my present friends and projecting that fun into an imagined future relationship. I then had to let it go, and enjoy myself in the meantime. As Diana sings, "You can't hurry love." If you already have someone you call a lover, it still helps to imagine and feel the love and joy of being with them whether or not you physically are. While you're at it, want to give him or her a sweet, luscious, delicious kiss for me?

So thank you, Mr. Cox, for your wonderful sharing. Being in a relationship does not make me happy all the time, but it certainly helps, if I can continue to grow. I myself am most happy when I love, and for me, one good man is all I need, at least in bed. I also need sharing with others outside, of course. I can identify most with your honesty in saying, "Today I love me and I love Ralph and I love my friends. Well, most of the time. It's not always easy, but it's worth it." For me also, Mr. Cox, and my most important thought for the day in learning to love one day at a time is to live and let live.

Michael H. Merry
San Francisco

A Woman's Dilemma

★ Time 9:30, date 6/16/83. The Prism Club has violated my personage in insulting me and my friend who is also a transsexual. We live and function as women.

Now what happened at The Prism: I know Jimmy for a year. He works as a light man. He put me on his guest list. I can get in for nothing, so I went over to say hello. My friend ordered the drinks and went back to the bar. The doorman came and said you have to leave. My friend asked why? He said, "The management does not want drag queens, men in dresses except on Halloween." My friend and I said we're not TV's, but TS's.

He didn't understand and continued to demand we leave and to change our clothes into men's and we can come back. Now how can we put men's clothing on? "My god, what am I gonna do about these?" I pointed to my friend's breasts. So he said well you can wait until the manager gets here. It was a tone I didn't like. So I wrote a note to Jimmy saying that this bar has insulted me and informed my friend, "We're leaving. Get ya coat." So we left as I was almost in tears.

I want something done. An apology is acceptable and to let me and my kind alone to function as women and to go wherever as women.

Angela Barrett
San Francisco

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Britt & Wharton

More '84 Supe Hopefuls Underway

A Contrast in Substance & Style

Two Gay political faces — one an officeholder, the other an office hopeful — displayed their separate political styles last week in poles-apart fundraisers.



Candidate Dave Wharton and his children at his '84 kickoff fundraiser. (Photo: Rink)

Attorney Dave Wharton — flanked by his three children (two boys and a pretty teen-aged daughter) wound up his unsuccessful 1982 campaign and unwound his plans for his 1984 race for San Francisco supervisor. He chose the spacious Presidio home of his close friends, Lynne and Bill Twist.

Two evenings later incumbent Supervisor Harry Britt was hosted by the Democratic Socialists of America in the Gallery at the University of California Extension complex at Laguna and Market. Britt's price of entry was on a sliding scale from \$5 to \$30, while Wharton's tickets asked for \$100. Britt was named on his invitation as a national vice chair of the socialist group. The Democratic Socialists (DSA) bill themselves as working to build a democratic, feminist socialism in the U.S. They claim they participate in housing, electoral, Lesbian/Gay and anti-militarist organizing and coalition efforts.

The Wharton party was produced by former Toklas Demo president and current political consultant Steve Walters. Caterers took over the pantry and kitchen of the 5th Avenue Twist home and burdened the dining room table with hors d'oeuvres and canapes. A hosted bar was busy in the music room as was the baby grand piano with a hired-for-the-occasion pianist. Valet parking was also included in the price of a contribution.

Wharton, 43, is in private practice. His specialty (according to his press packet) is "counseling and problem solving." His clients include "individuals, small businesses, nonprofit organizations, especially those needing help in dealing with government regulation."

In 1982's race Wharton ran

8th in a field of 24 candidates. He received 34,000 votes. In that race newcomer Bill Maher pushed out Lee Dolson. Wharton's tally was the highest for any nonincumbent that year. He raised \$32,000 in cash contributions and received another \$10,000 in in-kind contributions. He was endorsed by both major dailies, the *Bay Area Reporter*, two Spanish language newspapers, and several other neighborhood publications.

For the 1984 campaign Wharton says he plans to raise \$100,000 and political wisdom dictates he needs the 18 months to accomplish this and a victory. A criticism of Wharton in the '82 race was that he started too late and had not defined a platform. Critics charged he was too bland, too amorphous and that he changed images in different parts of town.

In '82 Wharton skirted issues



Supervisor Britt on campaign trail. (Photo: Rink)

that dealt with his Gayness, or that he wouldn't be drawn into the identification when it didn't suit him. West of Twin Peaks critics charged he used his children as a convenient cover.

Wharton graduated from Princeton in American Studies, and at Yale Law School he concentrated in public law and policy. In his 15 years legal experience he has worked as an Assistant Attorney General, City Attorney, and head of two federal law offices. He sees himself as a bridge-builder between the diverse elements in the city. He has pledged himself to forge a moderate centrist majority on the Board of Supervisors.

As a Socialist Britt's agenda would be to turn over work now done by the private sector to the public sector. At the municipal level this would suggest that the city would run the utilities (gas and electricity). It would also suggest that the city appropriate the scavenger services as a municipal operation. A socialist agenda would suggest more public housing (as the expense of private development).

Like Wharton, Britt also considers himself a bridge-builder. In his five years in office he has been in the forefront of Gay interests (from saving the Jaguar Book Store to domestic partners and Gay marriage licensing) to concerns of the elderly, saving South of Market for minorities and a downtown Sports Arena.

The Office of Civilian Complaints (in the SFPD) is viewed as one of his major successes in office. The office has yet to begin operations. His major defeat has been over domestic partners legislation in 1982. This was first passed by the board then vetoed by the mayor. A revised bill was offered by Britt, but he could find no takers among his colleagues the second time around. Today the issue is dead while the mayor has taken steps to alleviate inequities which existed in fringe benefits for city employees.

Holley Sentenced to Life, No Parole

(Continued from page 1)

the way it happened," Smith said.

Keane also employed the "Gay panic defense" for the defendant. A variation on the "Twinkie defense," the "panic" defense seeks to prove that Holley didn't know what he was doing as he repeatedly stabbed and savagely beat the victim, whom he admitted he had set out to rob. Keane brought in a psychiatrist who interviewed Holley 18 months after the killing. The expert told the jury he

didn't need to know the facts, only what was going on in Holley's head in the early hours of July 24, 1981. The point was crucial because several versions of Holley's explanations (confessions?) were made available to the jury. The story changed repeatedly.

Moreover, during the trial Keane sought to get Judge McCabe to declare a mistrial because of an incident which occurred during a trial recess between Ron Huberman, D.A.'s office investigator, and a Public

Defender investigator in the corridor outside the courtroom. The PD said Huberman tainted the jury. The judge denied the motion.

Since the trial Public Defender Jeff Brown — a long-time friend of the Gay community — has been in the spotlight seeking to explain the movements and philosophy of his ace attorney and to assure the Gay community that homophobia did not play a role. Brown, however, refused to disavow the "Gay panic defense" as an inappropriate strategy, one without scientific foundation.

McNight Appears with Mixed Chorus



The mixed chorus on the way to eliminating its debt. (Photo: Rink)

The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus featured Sharon McNight at their Bountiful Buffet last Sunday, July 24, at the Women's Building. The buffet was the first in a series of fund-raisers the chorus has scheduled over the next several months.

If Sunday's event was any indication of what is to come, said chorus spokespersons, they promise to be comfortable, well planned events with great entertainment at affordable prices. "You will have a chance to find out for yourself," said business manager Linda Rohde, "at Toast of the Town," the cabaret they are presenting on August 22 at the New Performance Space.

DA Sues Landlord for Discrimination

(Continued from page 1)

Freedom Day Parade in San Francisco.

The lawsuit seeks damages, a fine and an injunction for Nathan's alleged refusal to deliver a storefront at 260 Valencia Street for the Committee's headquarters after he had agreed to do so. He is also being sued for demanding that the Committee provide special insurance based on his alleged fear that his building might be firebombed because of the Committee's tenancy.

District Attorney Arlo Smith said that this was the first time his office had invoked the authority of the San Francisco ordinance which prohibits housing and employment discrimination against persons because of their sexual orientation.

Smith stated that: "The anti-discrimination ordinance is particularly important as San Francisco's assurance to its citizens that regardless of their sexual orientation, race, age, sex, religion, ancestry or disability, they will be treated fairly in obtaining employment and housing."

Konstantin Berlandt, '83 co-chair of the Parade, who was a participant in the altercation said, "We are gratified that the DA is going to pursue the case. I feel this is a clear-cut case that will illustrate both the need for and the use of the non-discrimination ordinance."

The Parade moved into the temporary rental premises on February 15, 1983. The pushing and shoving match occurred February 17. Both parties (tenant and landlord) filed assault and battery charges against each other. These were subsequently dropped.

After the landlord put the Parade people out on the street, they moved the headquarters several blocks to upstairs at the Valencia Rose.

Deputy District Attorney David C. Moon will be handling the case. He said that the city's housing discrimination ordinance applies to commercial property as well as residences.

The repertoire was entertainment throughout the afternoon by mixed chorus members and guest artists. It reflected the diversity and high level of talent which makes up the mixed chorus.

Particular crowd-pleasers were Encore, a women's barber-shop quartet; an erotic tango done by Gail Dekreon and Dianne Jamolow; and cabaret

performer Adele Zane with Bob Bendorf. Other guests included performers from around the city: Andy Pesce, from the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus; cabaret performer Francesca Dubie with Bill Ganz; and the sterling voice of Ken Bass with Jim Gardner.

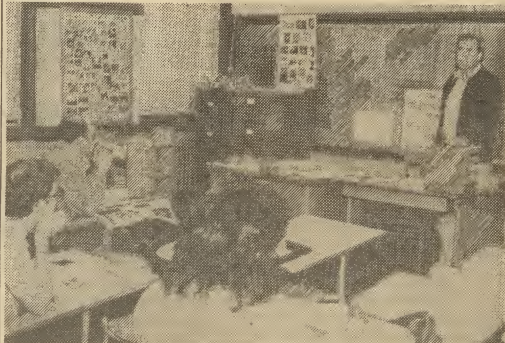
The highlight of the afternoon was the appearance of Sharon McNight with Jim Followell. Her wit and talent were at their usual peak, and the crowd did not want to let her off the floor.

There was a silent auction with items donated by merchants throughout the community. And, as if that were not enough, the chorus gave away door prizes donated by local restaurants and a Russian River resort. "The merchants have been very generous, and we really appreciate them," said Rose Mary Mitchell, producer of the day's event. "Even the piano supplied by Kassman's Piano & Organ for the show was auctioned off afterwards!"

The San Francisco Lesbian/Gay Chorus is searching for a new musical director. This event was a step towards raising the funds to attract top talent. "Rose Mary and the people who worked with her have done a wonderful job," said Rohde.

Castro College Classes

The San Francisco Community College District will increase its program for the Fall semester in the Castro-Valencia area. Classes are held at Everett Middle School, 450 Church Street (at 17th Street). For additional information, call 239-3000 about City College Classes or 239-3070 about Community College Centers classes.



COMMUNITY COLLEGE CENTERS (Photo: Rink)

Tuesday, August 16	
Manual Communication 2	7:00-9:30 PM
Home Repair and Maintenance	6:30-9:30 PM
Gardening Skills	7:00-9:30 PM
Wednesday, August 17	
Self-Defense	6:30-9:30 PM
Issues of Concern to Women	7:00-9:00 PM
Computer Literacy	6:30-9:30 PM
ESL Beginning Conversation	6:30-9:00 PM
Thursday, August 18	
Manual Communication 3	7:00-9:30 PM
Self-Health Skills and Resources	7:00-9:00 PM
Creative Writing	6:30-9:30 PM
Basic Auto Maintenance	6:30-9:30 PM
Monday, August 22	
Manual Communication 1	7:00-9:30 PM
Journalism Writers' Workshop	7:00 to 9:00 PM
Modern Personal Finance	6:30-9:30 PM
ESL Beginning Conversation	6:30-9:00 PM

Community College Centers classes are noncredit and tuition-free. You may enroll at the first or any subsequent class meeting. Academic, vocational, and personal counseling are available (call 239-3082 for an appointment).

CITY COLLEGE

Monday, August 15	
Commercial Data Processing	6:30-9:30 PM
Classical Literature	6:30-9:30 PM
Beginning Conversational Spanish	6:30-9:30 PM
Tuesday, August 16	
Gay and Lesbian Literature	6:30-9:30 PM
Rights and Discrimination	6:30-9:30 PM
Continuation of Spanish 10A	6:30-9:30 PM
Wednesday, August 17	
Principles of Real Estate	6:30-9:30 PM
Personal Career Planning	6:30-9:30 PM
(Short-term course followed by)	
Developing Job-Seeking Skills	6:30-9:30 PM
(Short-term course)	
Intermediate Conversational Spanish	6:30-9:30 PM
Thursday, August 18	
History of Modern Art	6:30-9:30 PM
Theory and Technique of Acting	6:30-9:30 PM
The Female Experience	6:30-9:30 PM

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The World of the River

Part II: The Scene

by Scott Treimel

To characterize the Russian River scene means first acknowledging no generalizations will do. You might have heard the River described as a bathhouse with a tree on top, or you might have heard the River described as a place where you can pitch your tent and play Yahtzee while the griddlecakes cook. Even if both are true, neither is the truth. The truth is the Russian River scene has no meaning if you forfeit the particulars and try to abstract it. Here are some particulars.

It is Saturday afternoon, and every lounge chair by the Triple R swimming pool is taken, and each occupant is oiled. A man in a taut aqua Speedo approaches a man in a taut purple Speedo. This exchange proceeds:

Aqua: Did I really give a performance last night?

Purple: What?

Aqua: At Drums. We met there last night.

Purple: Oh, yeah, now I remember. I didn't recognize you with so much on.

Aqua: I didn't take off all my clothes; did I?

Purple: Not all of them.

Aqua: I don't know what happened. I'm usually so shy.

You overhear conversations such as this a lot on the weekends, if you stay poolside. If you stay poolside, you stay near a San Francisco scene, something like queer tier in Dolores Park, but more interactive. There is no pretense of reading; almost no one has a book along. Instead there are plastic cups of beer and one group of men has cameras. The photos they take are the photos that will be displayed back in the city at another recreational moment, perhaps between lines of coke and the big party at the Galleria. This is the dressy set, the professional crowd, the members of the nicer gyms. One of the unvoiced but ever obvious reasons they are here is to be seen, which is what lends the scene its charged expectancy: you might find a date. This is one particular scene. Here is another.

It is Saturday afternoon and every campsite at the River Bend Campground is occupied. Those nearest the 30-foot plastic Paul Bunyan are a textbook portrait of the familial holiday. A Mexican woman is combing out her daughter's hair alongside a picnic table that is laden with Valu-Pak potato chips, Mother's Assorted Cookies, 64 oz. bottles of Coca-Cola, and everything of the kind. Nearby a father is teaching his son how to maneuver a soccer ball, and further on, at the more isolated campsites reserved for Gay people, four men are fussing with fishing tackle.



1st Man: I told you to bring your army knife.

2nd Man: Oh, you've been trying to steal that for the last 20 years.

3rd Man: Don't you two start up. If we have to hear about that damn army knife this year, we'll throw up.

These men are the true retreaters. They have come to the River to fish, play bridge, and catch up on their friendship. They avoid the discos, the restaurants, the bars. "We vacation together every year," one said. "It wouldn't be a vacation if we didn't spend it alone together." These men come to the river not only to be close to each other but also to be close to red-headed woodpeckers, raccoons, red-tailed hawks, blue herons, and the waterfowl that live along the river bank. When they leave their campsites, they will not head to The Woods for its large video screen displays of movies and MTV-type tapes; that is not their scene. Instead they prefer Armstrong Woods Reserve where they can hike or attend one of the Sunday afternoon music programs. "We don't come to the River to live in a disco," said the man who allegedly has tried to steal his friend's army knife for the past 20 years.

So you see, no generalization can contain both of these sets of particulars. To understand the real River scene is to appreciate, perhaps for the first time, how diverse we really are. Diversity is the River's strongest suit, but the tourists are only secondarily responsible for it. The River's diversity is essentially a matter of the behind-the-scenes personalities, the resort owners. They are a remarkably vivid bunch, and the resorts they own reflect it.

Most people think of Peter Pender when they think of owners on the River, probably because he was the first one to promote his resort, Fives, as Gay. It seems there is some curiosity about why he up and opened a Gay resort in Guerneville in 1978, for at the time Guerneville was pretty deficient in the tolerance department. "The red-necks used to tie hippies to trees and shave their heads," said Bob Matson, the publisher and chief researcher of *North of San Francisco*, a tourist guidebook now in its sixth edition. Given the town's history, opening a Gay resort indeed appears an uncommonly risky venture, but the gamble in fact had fairly good odds; for a shrewd businessman, and Peter Pender surely is, could see that Gay San Francisco was an un-

(Continued on next page)



Summertime Gay tourists are the backbone of the Russian River's many businesses. These are the groups that "lend the scene its charged expectancy." (Photo: R. Pruzan)

(Continued from previous page)

cracked tourist market. The River's present popularity, of course, proves him right, and his business sense is further commended by what Fife's is today, indisputably the River's most accomplished resort. For one, it is beautiful, with redwoods everywhere and a gracious layout and a creek (after which the resort is named) and a pristine rose garden. For another, it has everything: a fine restaurant, a friendly bar, canoes, swimming pools, fireplaces, volleyball, a large camping area, and cabins that are genuinely rustic. Across the road is Fife's annex, which has the disco (Drums), an olympic pool, tennis courts, and the beginnings of a workout field. But it is Fife's proper that is actually special, for it somehow achieves a woody ambience, which is chummy rather than cruisy. It is a subtle distinction, but subtlety is Fife's greatest charm. Even though the place gets crowded, it has a distinct delicacy that is never daunted.

If you want a cruiser scene, the place to go is The Woods. The Woods runs an ad that reads, "If it's hot, it's here," which aptly suggests the aggressive masculinity The Woods is about. It is The Woods, for example, that holds the annual Mr. Northern California Drummer contest and the Mr. Russian River contest, plus there is a gym (with Universal equipment) on



Pool, patios, and redwoods are part of the region's allure — and also the bodies. (Photo: Rink)

cates by referring to the place as "an operation." One of the operation's greatest merits is its weekend disco, which invariably spills out onto the patio and into the lodge and becomes a giant raucous party — ideal for meeting strangers. The Woods also has a hottub.

The Willows is in no way like either Fife's or The Woods. Cloy Jenkins bought it fifteen years ago because, as he said, "I like a big house," which is precisely what The Willows is. On the terrace that looks down the willow-fringed lawn to the River is a forest of begonias, gladiolas, lobelia, geraniums, and petunias, and also a hottub and three singing canaries. The place has a collectivity about it. The kitchen is communal, so occasionally you find a pan of brownies on the counter with a big note in the center, Eat me so I don't go bad.

puts you at the Highlands. It is actually right near the heart of things but it feels miles away. Most of it looks directly out onto the mountain peaks of Armstrong Woods State Reserve, and most of it is unexposed to piped-in music so you can hear the birds. Michael and Gary own it, and one of Michael's friends from a Minnesota junior high school works the grounds. The Highlands' chief intent is to undo city attitude, which it appears to achieve. One group of campers winds up having dinner with another group of campers at the communal barbecue pit, and sometimes they romp together in the swimsuit optional pool. It is mostly Michael who lends the place its ease, for he is always about yakking and cracking jokes and introducing the campers to each other.

There are many things to say about variety at the River, about the homey touches in the cabins at Fern Grove, about the magnificent views from the Wildwood, about Thurmond's Gym at the Brookside Lodge, about the improvements at the River Village, but by now you get the point. Despite their differing personalities, the resort owners appear to have relatively few personality conflicts, though of course there are some. There might be some displeased talk about so-and-so's absence from the recent meeting of the Russian River Gay Business Association. There might be a debate about how the River ought to develop — grandly or quaintly — and how to promote the River and to whom. It is generally agreed that the resorts cannot prosper if the tourist season remains limited to the summer, when even then they are full only on the weekends. It is said that more straight tourists are needed to fill out the season and stretch it into the fall and winter months. It is speculated whether pajama parties and cozy fireplace scenes might enhance the winter draw. Even as all these discussions proceed, the owners are knit together because the resort town's future is a shared venture.

S. Treimel

To be continued...



Letting it all hang out is the thing to do on vacation at the River. (Photo: N. Rodgers)

the grounds and morning aerobics classes. Bodies count for a lot here. They gather either on the smart new sundeck (with its highly laquered redwood and bright orange and yellow umbrellas) or at one of the two swimming pools, one of which allows the bodies their full display. The temperament of The Woods is a bit more bald than at Fife's, which Michael McClure, The Woods' assistant general manager, clearly indi-

There is no lobby here, but there is a living room, with a baby grand piano, many classical records, and a couple card tables, over which strangers become friends during an impromptu game of Risk.

If you turn off Main Street and go two blocks down Armstrong Woods Road, the Fire Station will be on your left. Before is the new library and in front of that is Woodlands Road, which if you climb for two blocks



Two Tons of Fun bring alive The Woods' disco. Says Scott Treimel, "Bodies count for a lot here." (Photo: N. Rodgers)



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GGBA

VIEWPOINT



(Photo: Rink)

(Continued from page 6)

A nose held in disgust, a mouth covered in the face of devastation are indeed natural responses — but the responses of childishness at any age. They are not easily borne, but bearable they are when we reflect that picture two (a shot of Channel 7's continuing "AIDS coverage") is what we grasped was of absolute necessity.

As we chart Gay history we pinpoint the riots at the Stonewall Bar in 1969 as the beginning of the revolution. But a revolution has many points. In time a second watershed will be recorded about March 1983, when author Larry Kramer broke out in the *New York Native* with his "1,112 and Counting."

In some ways it was akin to the midnight ride of Paul Revere — a second call to arms. Wild, desperate, flamboyant... but it turned people around.

Just as things Gay never were the same after June 1969, they will never be the same after March 1983. Henceforth we will live in the shadow of both battles — for good or for bad — but not as it was.

Paul Lorch

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Viruses and the AIDS Syndrome

Part II of Two Parts

by James E. D'Eramo

(Reprinted from *New York Native*)

There are several members of the Herpes virus family that infect humans: herpes simplex virus (HSV) type 1 and 2, varicella-zoster virus (VZV), cytomegalovirus (CMV), and Epstein-Barr virus (EBV). These viruses share many similar characteristics and have a nearly identical appearance when viewed by the electron microscope. They all contain DNA — the genetic material of life. Immunity to subsequent infections of these viruses is not complete. Cellular immunity (T-cell related) is more important in defense against these viruses than humoral immunity (B-cell, or antibody related). Herpes viruses often form latent infections in their hosts, after the initial or primary infection occurs. A reactivation of viral infection may occur commonly with HSV and VZV, but not usually with CMV and EBV. Reactivation refers to the process that "triggers" a latent viral infection back into an apparent infection.

Herpes simplex virus (HSV) type 1 commonly causes "cold sores" and other infections in the mouth, eye, or on the skin, especially the hands and trunk. Herpes simplex disease, usually due to reactivation of the latent virus infection, is common among persons with compromised cellular immunity. This Herpes virus has also caused sporadic encephalitis in the United States and Western Europe.

Herpes simplex virus (HSV) type 2 is the cause of genital herpes infection. Intimate contact is required for transmission and the virus is usually transmitted by two routes: the venereal or sexual contact route, and the congenital route from a mother to her baby at the time of delivery. Direct contact of HSV type 2 onto mucous surface causes local infection. Severe HSV type 2 infections have been associated with many cases of AIDS. Reactivation of HSV 1 and 2 in healthy persons often occurs after fever, stress, menses, and exposure to ultraviolet light. For example, some patients manifest reactivation after their first exposure to the summer or winter sun. HSV 1 and 2 cannot normally be treated successfully with any drug; acyclovir has demonstrated only minimal value. Condoms may be of some value in the prevention of HSV-2.

Varicella-Zoster Virus (VZV) causes chicken pox and shingles. Chicken pox (varicella) is a seasonal disease and occurs in early spring. Shingles (Zoster) is due to the reactivation of the latent (VZV) virus, and occurs year-round. Shingles has not been commonly observed in AIDS victims.

Epstein-Barr virus (EBV) causes infectious mononucleosis and is associated with certain types of cancer, like Burkitt's Lymphoma in central Africa. Spread of EBV is nonseasonal, requires close contact, and is enhanced by crowded living conditions. EBV is transmitted by mouth-to-mouth routes. This virus has been associated with a number of AIDS cases.

Cytomegalovirus (CMV) has been commonly associated with infections of infants. CMV can cause *in utero* infections, i.e., infants may become infected while they are still in their mother's wombs. Most CMV infections are subclinical — inapparent — or just barely noticeable. Deafness may develop in young children who were born with CMV infections. CMV and EBV are both more likely to cause noticeable disease in mature persons, and this is in part due to the host's response to these latent infections. CMV is naturally reactivated. Also, immunosuppressive therapy causes reactivation of the virus in certain patients. Diseases in children which are caused by CMV have been observed since the end of the nineteenth century. After World War II, CMV caused an epidemic infection in infants throughout

epidemics of acute respiratory diseases in military recruits (supposedly due to overcrowding), and adenovirus types 1, 2, and 5 have caused limited outbreaks of infection among children. However, adenoviruses are probably responsible for no more than 5 percent of all respiratory illnesses in the general population.

Adenoviruses, originally isolated from human adenoid tissue, are composed of an outer protein coat, inside of which is only DNA and protein. These viruses multiply in the nucleus of their host cells and induce readily activated latent infections in human tonsils, adenoids, and other lymphoid tissues. Some adenoviruses in humans are the first examples of common viruses that are oncogenic (cancer-causing) for lower animals like rats.

One of the most interesting properties of adenoviruses is that they serve as "helpers for a group of small defective DNA-containing viruses called adeno-associated viruses (AAV), which cannot replicate in the absence of adenoviruses. These AAV's may play a role in the disease producing process of "slow" viral infections. However, they are probably only unobtrusive partners of adenovirus infections.

ASFV

At this time, sound and creative thinking which leads to plausible etiologic theories are of utmost importance in AIDS research. One example of this type of thinking is Dr. Jane Teas' theory that African Swine Fever Virus (ASFV) is related to the cause of AIDS. Dr. Teas has linked the ASFV epidemic in Haitian pigs to the cause of AIDS in that country. There are over 150 confirmed AIDS cases in Haiti. Supposedly, the disease has migrated to the USA — through sexual contact between Americans and infected Haitians. Presently, there is not enough data to prove or disprove the ASFV theory, however, although researchers in the USA and Europe are beginning to test the idea. Dr. Farouk Hamdy (Port au Prince, Haiti) has worked with ASFV and is planning to search for evidence of ASFV infection among persons who work with and around the infected pig population there. Dr. C. Prakash (Ohio State University Medical School, Columbus) also plans to study KS tumor cells isolated from pigs that engage in same-sex anal intercourse there, in order to determine whether ASFV is present in these cells.

Many scientists believe that the etiology of AIDS is intimately related to a virus or viruses. The theory that a virus causes AIDS, when combined with the idea that a set of changed or new environmental conditions has been juxtaposed with developing social conditions, seems to be at the heart of the most promising theories of AIDS etiology. ■

HUMAN T-CELL LEUKEMIA VIRUS

Human T-cell leukemia virus (HTLV) has been linked to a rare blood disease called T-cell leukemia. HTLV has been implicated as the cause of outbreaks of this disease in certain areas of southern Japan. HTLV has also been associated with populations in the Caribbean, including Jamaica and Barbados. Recently, groups of researchers working independently have found HTLV in association with a number of AIDS cases.

Some researchers are speculating that HTLV may be the cause of AIDS but presently there is not data to support this claim either. Researchers are continuing to pursue the promise that HTLV may hold to the resolution of AIDS. The viruses that have so far been linked to AIDS may only be "fellow travelers" among the other opportunistic infections that accompany the syndrome. Hopefully, scientific thinking and applied research will eventually illuminate the relationship between viruses and AIDS.

ADENOVIRUSES

Researchers in New York City have recently linked a rare adenovirus — type 35 — to a group of AIDS patients. Adenoviruses, first identified in 1953, are widespread in nature and are the cause of some respiratory and eye infections in humans. Person-to-person spread via respiratory and eye secretions are the most common modes of transmission for these viruses. Adenovirus type 7 has caused

In Memoriam

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One Answer to Plight of Young Runaways

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following report is a follow-up to Part III of a series on Gay Youth that dealt with young runaways. This article reports on what one man is doing to alleviate the crisis of survival that many runaways face.

By Dion B. Sanders

Troubled youths have been a problem that Wayne Smith has been tackling for more than 20 years, as a foster parent and as a Big Brother.

Youths in trouble because of their Gayness is of particular concern to Smith, who is Gay himself. Of such concern that Smith, a field service manager for a local beverage distributing firm, became involved with Partners, a program to aid homeless and runaway youth, with a particularly strong emphasis on reaching out to aid Gay and bisexual street youths.

Partners matches youths with adults with strong concerns about their well-being on a one-to-one basis — often, according to Smith, succeeding where others have failed.

"It's easier to deal with one person's problem than to have — like some of these counselors, who mean well — sometimes a caseload of 80 to 90 kids," Smith said. "Basically, most counselors are so overworked that they're just putting out fires, taking the worst cases first."

Smith said that with such a heavy caseload, the risk of "burning out" is very high among many counselors.

"Basically, we consider ourselves partners in life with anyone," Smith told the *Bay Area Reporter*. "So there is really no age limit. The youngest person we've dealt with was 14 and the oldest 72."

With difficulty, Partners has tried to be an immediate resource for youths suddenly away from home. "With GA (General Assistance) or any of the other welfare systems, people have gone to them, hungry for a week, and they're told 'come back in two weeks.'"

GA, as a matter of policy, does not issue money to new applicants for two weeks after they apply, but does provide emergency shelter and meals at Glide Church.

"If they're hungry, we feed them (right away). If they need housing, we try to find someone who will even crash them for one night, just to get them started. We try to find work for them," Smith said.

Only the night before this reporter interviewed him (Saturday), Smith had to relocate a 19-year-old youth Partners had assisted who was being evicted from an apartment house at 18th and Castro.

Money and resources are in short supply. "The needs of these kids are immediate; it is a *now* thing," Smith said. "(Kids have said) 'I haven't eaten for two days. These are the only clothes I have. Everything I own got ripped off,' or, 'I just got evicted,'" he continued, pounding his fist for emphasis.

"It's always an urgent matter, and the (social services) system is built as if it's never going to happen," Smith complained. "But these things either aren't going to happen, or they don't happen enough to warrant an agency to deal with it."

Partners is in need of greater participation by and support from the Gay community. "I believe it is the responsibility of the Gay community (to deal with its troubled youth), and if enough people knew about the problem and knew that positive results can come from one-to-one placements, or just spending time with the kid — that gives a kid a sense of self-worth," many of the kids who are on the streets would not be there, Smith concluded.

People interested in becoming involved with Partners may write to Smith at 2274 20th Avenue, San Francisco, CA 94116, or through Golden Gate Metropolitan Community Church, 625 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94102.

GGBA Awards Six Charities

Six nonprofit community organizations recently received \$3940 in grants from The GGBA Foundation, a private philanthropic foundation founded by the Golden Gate Business Association to fund Bay Area charities that benefit Gay men and Lesbians.

Grants for the summer quarter include: \$1,000 to the Harvey Milk Film Project, as a matching grant to produce *Out of Order: The Times of Harvey Milk*, a documentary for national public television; \$1,000 to the West Coast Lesbian Collections for resource development; \$750 to Operation Concern for a six-month study of community response to the AIDS epidemic, to be conducted by Art Carfagni, Leon McKusick, and William Horstman; \$500 to Lilith - A Woman's Theatre to partially underwrite their 1983-84 season; \$350 to the Gay Youth Community Coalition to provide support for its educational activities; and \$350 to Frameline/Photo to help sponsor the Second Annual Lesbian/Gay Photography Exhibition.

bition.

Awards are made on several criteria, among them: the nonprofit status of applicant organizations, financial need, and significant service to the Gay and Lesbian community. Organizations qualifying for support are in the categories of social services, culture, education and scientific research. Maximum grant is \$1,000. The next grants are awarded in September, with an application deadline of August 15, 1983. To obtain a grant application contact the GGBA Foundation at 956-8660.

Lesbian Groups Set at Operation Concern

An Incest Therapy/Support Group for Lesbians will be held on Thursday, 10-11:30 a.m. Call Rachel Wahba at Operation Concern, 626-7000.

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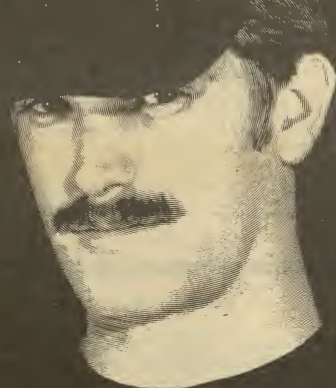
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POLITICS AND PEOPLE



Reapportionment Strategy

WAYNE FRIDAY

Last week this column suggested that Governor George Deukmejian and some of his top advisors were toying with rescinding his special December 13 election on reapportionment. But that no longer seems a possibility and California voters will almost certainly go to the polls on the Sebastiani Plan, a reapportionment that would probably turn out a number of Democratic lawmakers. Under the Sebastiani Plan, for example, the number of Assembly districts in which the percentage of Democratic voters falls below 51, would increase from 28 to 39. Democrats fear possible loss of control of both the Assembly and State Senate.

State Democratic leaders met in Oakland this past weekend (see story elsewhere in this issue). Claiming that "when we don't have money for older people, for education, for coastal protection," Senate President Pro Tem David Roberti of Hollywood claimed that the Democrats will now indeed make the election a vote on the governor.

From this corner I think it is a tactical blunder to make the new Governor, only months into his administration, the complete focus of the Democrats' attack. To base their anti-Sebastiani plan on a governor who was elected less than a year ago by only some 50,000 votes and to base their campaign on the governor's recent budget slashing as well as his legislative policies makes little sense and could ultimately, should the plan pass, make Deukmejian more powerful. The governor has already shown he knows how to deal with the legislature and come out smelling fine.

Roberti and Company apparently feel that focusing voter



L.A. Assemblywoman Maxine Waters will be Alice Demos guest of honor.

wrath on budget cutting by the Governor of pet minorities' programs will somehow result in certain constituents turning out in sufficient numbers on December 13 to beat back the Sebastiani plan. I doubt it. The election is a one-issue election, coming only 12 days before Christmas when most voters will be busy shopping or making plans to go away for the holidays and Hell or high water won't get most of them to the polls to vote on a seemingly unattractive issue as reapportionment. And worse yet, making the Governor the issue will probably only insure that the majority of those who do vote will be Deukmejian's people who resent the attack and want to shore him up. The Democrats are attempting to set up a bogey-man (i.e., the Governor) through which the Duke will become the scapegoat to defeat Sebastiani.

Instead of focusing the campaign strategy on Deukmejian, the Democrat should point out the obvious shortcomings of the plan. The entire Sebastiani Plan is racist, anti-Woman, anti-His-

panic, and anti-Gay. It plain stinks. For Gays and other minorities the Sebastiani Plan would be a disastrous setback to long range efforts to elect a progressive majority in the state legislature and the state's congressional delegation.

Rumor has it that Assemblyman Don Sebastiani of Sonoma, author of the plan, wants to go to Congress himself. If this plan passes in December we will all be the losers, and I don't even understand how Gay Republicans, being honest with themselves, can support this scheme.

A number of Gay and Lesbian organizations had booths at the San Francisco Urban Fair this past weekend at Moscone Center. Among the groups passing out info and literature were the Shanti Project, the KS Foundation, the Human



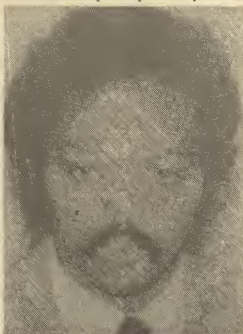
George Mendenhall, Alice Demos annual banquet honoree.

Rights Foundation, the Harvey Milk Archives, and the S.F. Lesbian and Gay History Project. • Senator Alan Cranston recently named State Treasurer Jess Unruh as Chairman of the Cranston for President effort in California, but Board of Equalization member Conway Collis, a former Cranston aide, will actually make the decisions on the state show. • Cranston, incidentally, has taken to wisecracks on the campaign trail—speaking recently in Colorado to a Sierra Club group, the senator snapped, "I understand James Watt doesn't have anything against trees. It's just that he doesn't like them hanging together in crowds."

So enough is enough, all right? Enough of this continuing battle going on between two of the city's Gay Demo clubs over who did or didn't say what in a recent California magazine. I've heard it

from both sides, time and again, and frankly I'm tired of it, and word coming to me is that the community is getting damned fed up with this continuous bitch fight and it had better cease real soon. This petty infighting among Gay groups does nothing for anyone and those involved all look like a bunch of sorry asses for keeping it up. Those who seem determined to keep this disgusting game going on in the pages of the city's press (both Gay and straight) will soon find their political careers cut off right at their knees by the rest of the community who want to get on with the business of solving this medical crisis and could care less about political charades between two Gay political groups whose credibility is already coming into question as this crisis affects more and more of our brothers.

The Castro Street Fair is Sunday, August 21. • Do you believe this one? The Rev. Jesse Jackson, addressing a Black congregation of 500 in Macon, Georgia over the weekend turned on his famed evangelical rap and while asking his congregation to swear that they were all registered voters he administered the "voter registration character oath" by having them all raise their hands and declare aloud that "I swear on the Bible I am a registered voter. If I am lying, I hope my right arm will fall off; if I am lying I hope I catch herpes, AIDS, and cancer all over tonight. So help me God." (And this jackass thinks he should be president?) • Sala Burton, the newest member of Congress must have some influence. She was featured in last week's New York Times "Working Profile" column ("the Popular Burton") an honor usually held for longtime powerful lawmakers. • In Indianapolis, the cops will begin videotaping male hustling activities in the downtown section as they did female prostitution earlier this summer. The focus has been prompted by the



Rev. Jesse Jackson uses fear of AIDS to register voters in the South.

murders of eight men with ties to that city's Gay community.

Calling it "The Greatest Birth" (Continued on next page)



Alice Publicity candidate Dennis Collins reported this week he has 114 pledged votes in next week's club election. (Photo: Rink)

Santa Clara Ducks Epidemic

(Continued from page 1)

The records of Santa Clara County now show that the two reported cases of AIDS are now dead. Two other persons are classified as "unconfirmed" cases of AIDS. One of these two is also dead.

The Bay Area Reporter has learned that the records of Santa Clara County are deceptively incorrect. Officers of the Santa Clara chapter AIDS/KS Foundation say they personally know several people in the area with AIDS. Joseph DiCaprio, head of Communicable Diseases for the County Health Department, released the minimal statistics. He also believes there are more people with AIDS in the county. Until these people are identified, he is not able to change the statistics.

Medical sources and Gay leaders have said that many people in Santa Clara County with AIDS are going to San Francisco for treatment. Reliable sources said that a substantial portion of these people are using San Francisco addresses to qualify for treatment at city facilities. City health officials appear to be aware of this conduct and acknowledge that it may very well distort statistical data.

Gary Crawford, a Gay Santa Clara County health worker and a board member of the regional AIDS/KS Foundation, commented on the county reporting system. He knows there are people in the county with AIDS. He says the county is just now starting to separate the statistics from the other counties, including San Francisco. With the opening of the AIDS/KS Foundation offices and by working more closely with area doctors, Crawford believes the statistics will become more realistic. In the meantime, the data continues to show there is no person living in Santa Clara County with AIDS.

Dick (a Gay man who insisted on anonymity) is one person living in San Jose with AIDS. He was diagnosed with the disease last October. Dick spent several months in Presbyterian Hospital in San Francisco. He is reluctant to give his full name because he fears his landlord may be trying to evict him from his apartment.

He went to San Francisco to be treated for AIDS. Dick wanted the best possible care he could get, and he believed that would

only be available in San Francisco. He went to two doctors in San Jose and he was not pleased with their knowledge of AIDS. Dick also said he wanted to be treated with dignity. He hoped there would be a minimum amount of homophobia and what he calls "AIDS phobia" in San Francisco. The decision has drained his savings account. The tradeoff is that he believes he was given the highest amount of respect and equally as important, Dick is still alive.

Since his return to San Jose from the S.F. hospital, he talks about how fortunate he is to have friends who have been supportive. At first he was unable to function for himself. Friends did his laundry, his shopping, and cooked his meals.

Other friends were cold. He notified all of his sex partners going back two years that he had AIDS. Many were angry and blamed Dick for his predicament. "Several don't want to have anything to do with me," he said. Others made dates to go to the movies, go walking in the park, and then never called. As Dick talked, the hurt in his voice was apparent as he described what he called "untypical behavior."

Dick contacted Frank O'Riley at the Billy DeFrank Lesbian and Gay Community Center in San Jose. He left his telephone number and said that he would like to contact anyone in the area who has AIDS. No one called.

The San Jose resident with AIDS is concerned with the lack of statistical data. Dick is aware that he is not one of the statistics. As he fights to stay alive, making one of the computer readouts is not his first priority. He does not understand how his name was not furnished to the county

health officials by doctors.

Three weeks ago the AIDS/KS Foundation opened in San Jose. Dick is answering the hotline; 80% of the calls he answers are from straight people. The hotline is where the "AIDS phobia" surfaces. People call because they are scared they might catch AIDS. Over and over he repeats the facts that AIDS is not spread by casual contact. Dick offers that he senses there is no decrease in activity at the baths, nor is there a perception of a crisis in the bars. As he answers the phone, he becomes more and more convinced that area Gay men are not overly concerned that AIDS might strike this perceived disease free county.

Doug Winslow, a board member of the Santa Clara County AIDS/KS Foundation, told the Bay Area Reporter of plans the foundation has to educate the area about AIDS. In addition to the hotline, educational materials will be provided to alert people at risk to the danger of AIDS and to dispel hysteria among the general public. Public hysteria hit the local board when one landlord backed out of a rental agreement and others refused to rent when the term "AIDS" was mentioned. A lease was signed for offices at 715 North First Street near San Jose's Civic Center.

Doctors have begun to pool information in the South Bay Area. Reports indicate that at least 23 people are now getting treatment for AIDS. Stanford University Hospital is also becoming a leading center for treatment.

Dick continues to work at the AIDS hotline in San Jose. He still would like to talk to any person in Santa Clara County who has AIDS. The telephone number is (408) 298-AIDS.

A. White

Heckler's AIDS Hotline Swamped

The Wall Street Journal's Capitol Bureau special weekly report revealed that Margaret Heckler's AIDS hotline has been more than a success; it's overloaded.

"AIDS calls overwhelm the Health Department," said the Journal news reporter. "Up to 13,000 callers a day want to talk about the ailment."

But, complained callers, only a fraction get through on the hotline. Many give details of

their sex lives. Others proclaim AIDS to be God's punishment of Gays.

The Journal told of one hotline listener who had to break for coffee every two hours. "I can't take it longer than that," he said.

The item followed a Wall Street treatment on President Reagan's chances of re-election looking even stronger on its front page Friday, July 29.



Alice PR slot hopeful Gail Sapiro. (Photo: Beryl Hauser)

fornia Crystal Cathedral was used for concerts and commercial events (not to work Reverend, you can always tap Jerry Falwell).

The staff at Polk Street's New Bell Saloon is holding an auction on Sunday Aug. 14 (2-6 pm); Bob Ross, Hector, Bob Cramer, and Ron Ross in charge of the bidding) to benefit the AIDS/KS Foundation and are asking for donations from private citizens or businesses (please leave items at the New Bell or call 775-6905 to have them picked up).

Gay Political activists in Sacramento declaring war on Assemblywoman Jean Moorehead (D) for her vote against AB1; Moorehead, a former Republican, is apparently still acting like one.

Wayne Friday

POLITICS

(Continued from previous page)

day Party on Earth." Dianne Feinstein's political backers have taken over the entire 12,000 seats at Cow Palace for a performance of Ringling Bros. Barnum & Bailey Circus on September 1 (reserved tickets are \$10; while \$100 gets you the show plus dinner; 673-4141 for info). • Incidentally, the Toklas Demo Club has taken a block of tickets at both

prices for the Mayor's Circus Party and is asking you to join them (641-8866 for info on the Toklas tickets). • And while we are at it, the Toklas Club will hold its annual Awards Dinner on Sept. 10 at the Hyatt Regency; the Club will honor Bay Area Reporter writer George Mendenhall, Frank Fitch, Mary Dunlap, and Assemblywoman Maxine Waters of Los Angeles (Steve Walters for info; tix are \$40). • Lt. Governor Bob Cashell of Nevada, a Democrat, is about to switch parties and become a Republican. • Sounding all too much as though he was trying to prove something, John Travolta, in an upcoming interview in Rolling Stone goes out of his way to deny the "notorious rumor" that he is gay; Sly Stallone's favorite dancer says that he likes "your traditional well-built woman, meaning large breasts, small waist, good hips, good butt, good legs. That's my sexual ideal." Travolta says that his women have to be "stimulating" and says he has recurring dreams about Jane Fonda ("she's probably a wild woman in bed") — and I hope Ms. Fonda reads this!!

The State of California recently ordered famed anti-Gay television evangelist Robert Schuller to pay \$473,000 in back taxes because Schuller's southern Cali-



Senate leader Roberti declares war on the governor. It could backfire.



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S I X T H

RUSSIAN RIVER JAZZ FESTIVAL

THE RUSSIAN RIVER CREATIVE ARTS FOUNDATION IN COOPERATION WITH THE RUSSIAN RIVER THEATRE CENTER IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE SIXTH RUSSIAN RIVER JAZZ FESTIVAL

JOHNSON'S BEACH, GUERNEVILLE • 11 AM DAILY • EMCEE — JERRY DEAN, KJAZ

TICKETS — \$10 Two-day advance, \$10 One-day advance, \$22 Two-day at Gate, \$17.50 One-day at Gate. Get tickets at BASS Ticket Centers, including the Record Factory, Bullock's, and Liberty House (San Francisco, Mountain View and Santa Rosa) or charge tickets by phone on Visa or MasterCard: (415) 835-6242, (408) 297-7557 or (916) 443-7118. Also available by sending check and SASE to R.R. JAZZ, P.O. Box 783, Guerneville, CA 95446. INFORMATION: (707) 887-7720, (707) 889-8809.

NO METAL CANS OR GLASS RECEPTACLES ALLOWED ON BEACH

FRIDAY, SEPT. 9
"400 CLUB" AWARD CEREMONY HONORING "SCATMAN" CROTHERS
Wine & Hors d'oeuvres RECEPTION 7-9 PM GENERAL ADMISSION \$25.00 per person \$8.50-9.30 PM
Limited Seating — For Information, call: (707) 887-7720

MORGANA KING — Special performance at THE WOODS CABARET Monday Night, Sept. 12th. RESERVATIONS ADVISED: (707) 869-0060.

Diabetic Support Groups

Gay Diabetic Support Groups are currently being formed to address issues pertinent to their lifestyles as well as the proper maintenance of diabetes. These support groups are made up of lesbians and gay men (and their non-diabetic friends, families and lovers) who are joining together for emotional support and better control of their diabetes and their lives.

The groups will include all

types of diabetics, both insulin and non-insulin dependent. Currently proposed social events include a Labor Day picnic and a weekend camping trip.

The first meeting will be Sunday, August 14. For details call Scott at 921-7367. This is a non-profit organization and has been approved by the San Francisco Chapter of the American Diabetes Association.

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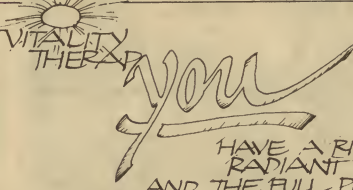
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"I Was A Male Prostitute"

by Mike Hippler

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hippler wishes to point out that he is not the author of the following piece, merely the contributor. He found the piece, he claims, in a sealed, two-liter Diet Pepsi bottle floating just off Land's End. He assumes it floated there from Fire Island via the Panama Canal. Intrigued by the unusual similarities between his own life and that of the author, he submitted it to us. He disavows emphatically, however, any personal knowledge of prostitution or of any of the characters mentioned here.

I always wanted to be a male prostitute. Not a common street hustler, you understand, but a high-class whore — a call boy for older men or a kept person living in the lap of luxury. In my younger days, like everyone else I knew, I worshipped Youth and Beauty, and prostitution not only celebrated those gods, it made them a *raison d'être*. Beyond that, however, prostitution epitomized for me that heady world of secret passions I glimpsed in the Gay pink sections. Attracted to the dark, erotic ads full of lust and longing and offering all manner of sexual fulfillment — for a price, I couldn't wait to throw myself headlong into the fray and to discover all the hidden dreams of my imprisoned nature. "Some day," I told myself, "I'm gonna be a whore."

I finally got my chance when I moved to New York, that modern-day Sodom and Gomorrah, city of corruption, decadence, and limitless possibility. I moved to the city to dance, and finding it difficult to survive financially in New York, I began to entertain the idea of a sugar-daddy. "In the Big Apple," I said, "they're bound to be a dime a dozen." So I picked up the sex ads and wrote to Trader Dick. "Wanted: One rich sugar-daddy for one young, beautiful, and talented dancer" and sat back to receive my mail. Three letters came. One was from a poor, lonely soul who worked for a Burger King in Georgia and wanted "to be friends." I told him politely but firmly to look elsewhere. The second was from some depraved sybarite who was willing to give me clothes, an apartment, and a car as well, as long as I was willing to let him spank me until my bottom was red, until I was begging forgiveness and promising to be a good boy, after which he would "tenderly Greek" me. I said thanks but no thanks. The third was from an English artist who sounded intelligent, urbane, practical. He wanted to meet me, and I agreed.

Our date left something to be desired. I knew something was wrong from the beginning when Fred, the artist, wanted directions to my apartment from the nearest subway station, then again when we were looking for a place to eat and Fred's eyes kept nervously glancing at the right side of the menu, where the prices were displayed. I felt sure I had stipulated "rich sugar-daddy" in my ad; Fred didn't seem to fit the bill. His starving artist stories throughout dinner proved that he didn't. After dinner, when our waiter presented us with the check and Fred said, "What say we split this one, what?" I knew I had struck out again. Furious and humiliated, I gave him my \$20 and vowed never to see him again. I mean, I'm a nice guy and all who believes in true love, in sharing and giving, in riding subways and eating cheap, but not when I'm trying to be a whore, for God's sake. This man was supposed to be buying me, and he had the audacity to want to be friends. Never again, I swore.

A few weeks later, an acquaintance introduced me to Jim. Jim was an ex-stock broker in his mid-forties who lived off Central Park West and was looking for a young man to replace the one who had just left him. Brusque

and business-like, Jim was nevertheless kind and not bad-looking. More importantly, he was rich, rich enough to have zebra rugs and a penthouse view, trips to Rome and Gore Vidal for a neighbor (once upon a time). I liked Jim okay, and we played tennis once or twice before he asked me to move in. When asked what he wanted of me in return, he said, "Do you give blow-jobs?" and I was amazed to hear myself reply, "No." I turned Jim down, despite his offering me a life of ease, the life I thought I wanted.

I thought about that a lot, and I decided that what bothered me was the commitment Jim expected of me, minor as it was. Yes, I wanted to be a whore, but a whore who is given all and asked for nothing in return. I wanted to be desired and admired, shown off at parties like a prized possession. I didn't want to give anyone blow-jobs. In fact, I didn't want to have sex at all. I didn't want to go to bed with any dirty old men.

"I wanted to be
desired and admired
... shown off at parties
like a prized
possession."

— Mike Hippler

My friends decided that I was going to make a pretty lousy whore. And I decided that my future in prostitution was certainly limited, so I forgot about hustling for a while. One warm spring night, however, one of my friends suggested we go slumming together at Cowboys, the hottest hustler's bar in town, and despite my misgivings, I agreed. Having no idea what to expect, I wondered if I needed to dig into my closet for an old cowboy hat and leather vest, but my friend assured me it was unnecessary. I was glad he did. Cowboys, on the Upper East Side, was definitely a high-class hustler's bar full of handsome young men — or, if you will, pretentious young queens — wearing Levis and Lacostes, and I found it hard to believe that these were whores, that there was buying and selling of human flesh going on here. In fact, I almost forgot that this was predominantly hustlers' turf, and I started to cruise on my own. Pretty boys at Cowboys rarely went home with each other, however, and at 3 a.m. I found myself drunk and depressed, ready to call it a night.

Just then, I was approached by a thickset man, about 45 or so, who was smiling over his scotch rocks. He said his name was Bear, and he was from Alabama — an ex-football player come to the big city for good. After the usual familiarities, Bear abruptly asked, "How much?" and I panicked. After all this time, so unexpected, a real live offer of cold, hard cash for my sexual favors. I didn't know what to do, and when in doubt, I'm always honest (it's the Eagle Boy Scout in me), so I replied, "Bear, you're very sweet (!), but at heart I'm not a hustler, although I sometimes think I'd like to be, and if I went home with you I'd feel like a hypocrite." What an asshole, huh? After finally getting what

I came there for, I fled.

A half-hour later, Bear approached me again, and this time, drunk and more depressed, I asked him exactly what he wanted of me. He wanted to watch me masturbate — for \$25. Insulted to the very core of my being — I always figured I was at least a \$100 whore — I started to leave, but then I hesitated. After all, \$25 was more than what I'd get if I went home alone to do exactly the same thing by myself, and besides, I kind of liked the impersonal detachment and blunt honesty of the whole affair. Bear was asking very little of me, and very little is what I was willing to give. So without even attempting to bargain, I consented, and within fifteen minutes, aided by liquor, more liquor, and amyl nitrite, I surrendered myself to a bacchanalian orgy of exhibitionistic auto-eroticism.

I found that, actually, I'd make a pretty good whore if I decided to devote myself to it. Thanks to all the liquor and the amyl, I had no inhibitions at all, and I turned into an animal — the hot young stud with the throbbing cock routine. Bear got off on me, and I got off on me, and for the first time ever, I stripped my ego to its core and exulted in self-glorification. Youth and beauty, lust and power. There was no giving involved, no sharing — just pure, anonymous fucking. But that's what I wanted and that's what I got. After an hour, I dressed, he slipped \$25 in my pocket, and I left.

Getting home was a nightmare. Thrifty as usual, I took the subway instead of a cab, and nauseous and drunk, I slept on a subterranean bench while waiting for the F train for God knows how long. The subway was full of lost souls, and I swayed and pondered morbid thoughts as the train rumbled through the tunnels of New York. I emerged from that underworld into an eerie grey dawn, a surreal West 44th Street at five o'clock in the morning. Sheridan Square was peopled by a host of the damned — beggars, dealers, drunks, and one screaming queen trying to tear someone's eyes out. Terrified and alone, I reached for a Sunday Times and ran home to bed, sick, disgusted, and spent to exhaustion.

Later that morning, with the fuck-money burning holes in my pocket, I ran to the store to buy a lawn chair and a cheap umbrella — exactly \$25 worth. Outside in the sun, I looked at the world through the eyes of a prostitute for the first time, a man of experience, a man of extremes, and I decided the only thing I regretted from the previous night, the only thing that embarrassed me truly, was that I made merely \$25 rather than \$100 or even \$50. Except for that, I was ashamed of nothing. Nevertheless, I chose not to repeat the experience. Hustling, I decided, was not my calling — too much trouble for too little gain. True, professionals might do better than cheap whores like myself, but I didn't care, and when I found Bear's telephone number scrawled on the back of a matchbook cover in my shirt pocket a week later, I shrugged my shoulders and smiled as I tossed it into the trash and headed back to dance class.

BAY AREA REPORTER GREATER BAY NEWS

AN JOSE SANTA CLARA CUPERTINO SUNNYVALE REDWOOD CITY PALO ALTO MONTEREY PLEASANT HILL VALLEJO BERKELEY WALNUT CREEK CAMPBELL FREMON

OAKLAND

Rough and Tough — A Gentle Trouper

NEZ PAS

Mikki Parrish was born in New York City 46 years ago. In 1955 she was stationed at Fort Ord. Mikki served six years here, then moved to Allentown, PA, where she met her lover, Jean, in 1962. They have moved back to California twice because they missed the ocean and the Gay life here. They chose Oakland over San Francisco because it reminded them more of a "home town," and they are not sorry they ever left Pennsylvania.

Mikki states that 20 years ago it was a much closer knit community. Everyone would spend Friday and Saturday nights in the bars, and party at someone's

eyes of the State, but it is a Union in the eyes of the Church.

I ran for King Father of All Northern California because I wanted to try and do some good; I'm having a lot of problems. By doing good I mean raising money for charity, AIDS, Special Olympics, etc. We have some fundraisers planned, but we can't fit them into everyone's calendar. I would like to clarify one thing. That is: I am King Father and I will be until the next election, no matter what the lady in red in Sacramento says! It has hurt a great deal when people think I have given up my title. I don't intend to and no one has asked me to!

TOGETHER. There are so many titles in Oakland, Hayward, and S.F. We all try to raise dollars for this and that, and we all try to be supportive of all the others. It would be wonderful if we could all work together.

I was upset with the latest ACIE Court for the fact that we have bylaws governing who



Mikki Parrish

should run and who shouldn't. My personal opinion — at that time — was that one contestant at election time didn't pass the qualifications. I'm happy to say that this person has represented the community very well, and that's the major thing. By the next election, people will work harder to change things. People in the community that would love to be involved with ACIE have stayed away because of past difficulties and problems. There was some loss of interest in the Empire. But we're all adults, and all Gay, struggling for the same recognition and respect. None of us are perfect, no matter what title is held. I've been on my knees in a bar before, and I don't know of anyone who hasn't (drunk, that is!). We've worked so hard for our image with straights that we've gotten away from taking care of and loving and forgiving our own. I've listened to both Oakland and Hayward. I know a lot of people in both cities that I respect and love, but I don't like the tension and wish to Hell it would get over with!

The Lake Lounge people try to work very hard. We don't realize that if we went out to other bars and asked people to participate, they probably would. Cheers for Ollie and all her help for functions. I must admit that I have never been to the Driftwood in Hayward. They aren't involved because no one has asked to have them involved. I'm just as guilty as anyone else.

Having a title sets you apart, even though you don't want to be. You are criticized more for being human. I have been criticized for not attending too many functions. I want to apologize to all Royalty. I'd love to attend every one of the functions with my lover, my support and my dollars, but I'm just a working person — and work comes first!

I'm a very serious person. I take life seriously, I take my marriage seriously and most of all I take my friendships seriously.

I'm a free spirit who has never

conformed — and I'm Gay. Coming out in New York in a different era I was a dyke — a bull dyke, rough, tough and masculine. Most people tell me I look like a rough, tough, masculine woman. Actually, I am very gentle — unless you hurt the one I love!

I've always had warm regards for men, Gay or straight. I'm one of a kind, yet universal. That's why I am Gay, as opposed to being a Lesbian."

Mikki Parrish is one person who won't let her karma run over her dogma!

Love,

Nez

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Attitude Adjustment Hours: M-F 4-7
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New Saturday Hours: 6PM-2AM

WET TEE SHIRT CONTEST

Monday, August 8, 9 PM
\$50.00 1st Prize

New Saturday Hours: 5 PM-2 AM

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Next to the 7-11 Store

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Walnut Creek

Take Highway 24 to Walnut Creek (which turns into 680), Ygnacio Valley Road offramp-right for 5 stop lights, then left on Civic

Complimentary cocktail with ticket stub from show at Concord Pavillion. (On same night as show.)



The Watergarden

THE TOTAL AND
BETTER BATHS

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408/275-1215

house on Sundays. Now it's completely different and much easier to get to know Gay men. Mikki: "I came out when I was 11. I have always been accepted in straight bars and the straight community. I have always dressed basically masculine, even in the service. People know that I am a Lesbian, and I never try to hide that fact! I am proud of who and what I am, and I respect the straight people around me. I have had good rapport with straight men because I am honest with them about myself. I accept their masculinity and they accept mine.

My lover, Jean, had a dislike for Gay women, but I was so well accepted it turned her around. I brought her out. We met in a mixed Gay bar, and she picked me up thinking I was a straight man. We talked a while and she left when she found out I was Gay. She returned in a few days and we talked for a long time about everything. It took two weeks of being friends before we got together. We've been together for over 20 years! We were "married" just recently — I thought it would finally work! (That's a joke!) We both felt it was something we wanted to do, and we're both very glad we did it. We are proud that MCC performed the ceremony. It's not legal in the

There may be too many titles and functions to be supported in the East Bay. It's very difficult for everyone to attend anything. I myself have gotten into financial trouble just trying to attend most of them. Our incomes can't support as many functions as we'd like to. I want to keep my own home in order, first! I go to as many functions as I can. I don't understand titleholders who won't or don't do anything to support that title. I guess to some, the title is the only thing — and some people have so many of them. In my own court there are people with six or seven other titles!

I think it would be terrific if all titles were grouped together and we had only two or three functions totally throughout the year. I'd love to see them all work

Testing By and For Gay Men

The Berkeley Gay Men's Health Collective provides free confidential VD testing and treatment, by and for Gay Men. Clinics are held every Sunday at the Berkeley Free Clinic, 2339 Durant Avenue (at Dana) from 7 until 9 PM. They also do screening at the Pacific Center,

2712 Telegraph, 841-6224, the first Monday of each month 7 to 9 PM. Screening clinics are also held at The Steamworks Baths, 2107 4th Street, 845-8992, the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of the month 7 to 11 PM. Call 644-0425 for more information.

THE BAY AREA REPORTER ENTERTAINMENT

avec RONNETTTE

Conclusion

A Waitress in Bohemia

Reflections on Eleven Days at the Bohemian Grove

by Ron Bluestein

The first revolution . . . was the devaluation of the human arm by the competition of machinery . . . The modern industrial revolution is similarly bound to devalue the human brain at least in its simpler and routine decisions . . . The answer, of course, is to have a society based on human values other than buying and selling.

Norman Wiener, *Cybernetics*

The Third Week. There was a stampede for work slips for the Grove today at the Union when the dispatch window was finally opened half an hour late. It was bestial and obnoxious — people who'd been standing there since early morning were pushed out of place by idiots who had arrived minutes before Pat appeared at her station. It was so bad that many of the best waiters (and people) wouldn't participate in the showing and cursing. I almost joined those who stepped aside; after the mayhem erupted I dropped from twenty-fifth to last in line, but I decided I wanted to see the last week too badly to be pushed out of the way by a bunch of assholes, so I finagled myself in front of Marvin, the older Black guy who told me forthrightly last week that he was married but that he liked blow-jobs. Though I never did oblige, he let me in front of him, and I got my slip. My shot at \$223 for six shifts over four days. Well, I'll get my money, but I've lost the illusion that friendships are being forged, that some sort of camaraderie of the Grove was being established. I kept telling myself that I'll see these Grove men in the city throughout the year at the Union and by chance, but so what? We'll see each other and wonder if we have been seen or if we can cross the street and avoid the strained, contrived conversation of bare acquaintances. My illusion was the wishful thinking of a homosexual with a straight man fetish.

We need a new Dylan and a new song, "The Times They Are Rapacious."

Back at the Grove. The atmosphere is tenser, the time more tedious, the waitresses more tired. One can feel the boredom and the sexual frustration of those who have been here straight through the three weeks, the "Ho Hum Another Day in Paradise" feeling shared by those who have stayed overlong in Bermuda, Hawaii, and Bohemia.

All I want to do is claim my little space, and begin the alternating activities of watching the members, cruising the cuties, and serving meals.

News of Herb Caen's reference to Grove homosexuality is on every lip of every Gay garçonnette at the Union. I quote it in full, for history:

The Gay cruising late at night around the lake and River Road is quiet, but still quite the thing. Many a Bohemian "widow" would freak if she knew what her Bohunk was doing in the redwoods and with whom. Lunch (private) at the Owl's Nest last Saturday had at the head table Gerald Ford, Kissinger, Helmut Schmidt, Alexander Haig, David Rockefeller, and George Shultz. Haig, wearing light blue pre-washed denims, was passed a note over his Eggs Benedict breakfast that read, "Alexander Haig is surrounded by Grove fairies." (The waiters are rather Gay this year.) "The CIA has been so informed." His waiter spilled coffee on him. End of report. Next: End of Bohemia.

Is Herb hoping that his expose will close the Grove? This quote exposes no one but him, shows his conservatism masquerading as titillation. Why shouldn't the rich have homosexual liaisons? They can afford everything else, why shouldn't they have a free blowjob at the lake, on River Road, in the library john at the Ferry Building, in peep show booths standing up or in public toilets sitting down. It's good enough for their lower-class brethren. Conservatism, our very recent history has shown, is like mud — it might seem to recede, but this is only appearance. Change is followed not by stasis, but by a reversal to old forms. *Plus ça change*, etcetera, etcetera, and the marketers,

opportunists, cheats, and self-deceivers posing as hippies during the Sixties, but now that opportunism, marketeering, cheating, and self-deception are the virtues of the Eighties, it feels as if the Sixties never happened. 1968 might as well be 4 B.C.: they're both history, the province of a historian's musings, too far away to matter.

At a time when I was plying another phase of the hospitality business, I would often ask my patrons if they had ever thought of relieving their adulterous anxieties with the simple expedient of the truth. Had the idea occurred to them that perhaps their "little woman" was bored and frustrated sexually, that broadening their sexual base together might be an interesting experiment. Unanimously, the men said, "It's impossible," or "She'd never go for it," or "You don't know my wife." I hope that not only the Bohemian "widows" but the entire body of married women in the world realize that each of their husbands is a heterosexual or homosexual philanderer — I have met several who were both. One can only wonder what the wives of the world are doing with their eyes and their time.

These were not the reflections of the waiters, who were as duly titillated as Herb would have liked. On hearing that the waiters are "rather Gay this year," someone asked, "What were we last year — rather homosexual?" And someone else added, "And the year before that? Rather queer?"

Larry had sex with one of the camp valets last night. He came back with this information. "Do you know what they call it over here in Shantytown, Ronnettte?" I didn't. "Honey Hill!"

Which puts something I saw today in a completely new light. I've been watching Mr. Slit Bathing Suit Busboy — the one who looked at us and just said "Sickening" — observing him closely because he made me so

angry. I watched him talking with one of the older Bohos and our eyes met. Am I the one who's stupid and naive? Is this really honey hill? Is this fag-hater hustling the fag members? Where there's honey hill, surely there must be a money hill somewhere.

Larry couldn't answer all these questions, but he did learn that they all have electric blankets, they do begin their days with gin fizzes made by the valets, who also make beds, do sewing and, I suppose, everything else. Larry's paramour was Ernie, whose dick was fat enough to fill his imagination all day.

Camaraderie has given way to what I believe is called in personnel departments "personality clashes." Billie is not talking to David because David was very rude one night about Billie's snoring, emphasizing his displeasure with frequent loud trips out of our bunk. No one's too crazy about Don, who brought two huge conga drums with him and goes with them every afternoon to play to or with the demonstrators who picket the Grove's front gates. I personally don't much like Francis, who is very big into A.A. and sees the universe as a therapy group and everyone with a Problem to Surmount. His brand of support is Strip the Other Raw Naked Expose All Problems and Watch Them Scream. Francis can't stand Paul, another member of A.A., and Paul hates Francis because they worked together at the Fairmont and Paul blames his being fired on Francis, who claims . . .

And so on. I really lucked out. In this nest of waiters in heat, my partner turned out to be the Southern cutie. Blond and young, Alan is extroverted, smart, competent, witty, and endearingly friendly. He was born in Roanoke, came to San Francisco after a few years in Manhattan. Whenever he answers in the affirmative he says, "Jes," a habit I'm picking up.

He has cute little buns and a 37 year old lover. Alan is a disco baby who finds his joy and release in late night dancing and hallucinogens. I must be getting old — it's hard to believe that people still do psychedelics, though in my day one did not take LSD to dance, one took it to trip. You didn't know where you would go, but you knew you wouldn't go dancing, not until long after you peaked. Once you took LSD to remember, now you take it to forget enough to dance all night.

In 1968, the year I first took mescaline, my lovely partner was six years old.

Things have definitely been toned down for this week. No more High Jinx, this week's entertainment is much less secular, more in the way of atonement than entertainment. An opera has been commissioned about St. Francis of Assisi. Maybe it's called St. Francis and the Miracle of the Gin Fizzes. St. Francis preaches the gospel to five cases of sloe gin and four cartons of eggs. I'm sure it will be beautiful and educational. I guess the saint is

(leather), and a basket (big). He is not, I suppose, obvious; then again, he is not not obvious. His basket is remarkable, even in this California where advertising pays. "Did you see his dead baby?" Larry asked me. I nearly died. References to dead babies have a way of sticking with me. The last time was when I asked a waitress who went to Philadelphia College of Art and whose passion for men ran a poor second to her passion for liquor, if she had any babies. "Yeah," she answered, grabbing the three *croque monsieurs* I'd just made and vanishing with a swing of the door, "two dead ones."

I did not relate this tale to Larry. "Yes, I saw it," was all I said.



Take My Hand, I'm A Waitress in Paradise. In between formal dinners, author Bluestein goes informal, in his own stylish way, accompanied by other "waitresses" with better ideas of summer-sun fashion.

part of the "Nature, nature, nature" that gentlemen by the lake was talking about last week. St. Francis will be preceded in the Redwood Room by the great Bard. From the togas they're wearing I presume they're doing Julius Caesar — I can't imagine this crowd, even in their most placid mood, taking to Coriolanus or Titus Andronicus. For the student of ironic harmonies, hearing the waitresses speculate on how much St. Francis' costume cost is precious.

There is actually a small but visible homosexual fringe among the Bohemian Club members. Not the kind of homosexual for whom the male member is a dirty joke and who leaves his wife "widowed" on weekends or pops at the peeps during lunch, but the kind for whom the male organ is a passion, an obsession, a religion — your basic homosexual. The Bohomos are very understated. It's safe to wear pink Lacoste's here, but certainly not tight jeans or (heaven help us) leather. There is one gentleman who sports a cowboy hat (Stetson), a turquoise-inlaid belt,

everything from bathrobes to kilts, I have seen none wearing plastic flip-flops, which emphatically announced my non-membership fifty feet before and behind me. We went down the road that leads to the Grove's private beach, passing a sermon on St. Francis being delivered at the lake to a much smaller crowd than the one for St. Henry of Kissinger. My clearest memory of this promenade is of the guard at the end of the road. Larry kept up a constant stream of calming banter, pointing out the cogent features. Nature, nature, nature. To my reportorial embarrassment, I did not absorb much of the catalogue of riches as we passed the people who obviously did reek of money. I don't know what I thought they'd do, fall to the ground spitting and screaming, "Get these waitresses out of my camp!!!"

Billie came up to me all a-flutter at dinner. Mike Douglas, he said, was sitting at his table. I walked around the redwood for a better look, but I saw no one even vaguely resembling Mike Douglas, just three men, one

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from previous page)

young, one old, and in the center smoking a cigarette, one middle-aged. It was Merv Griffith.

Billie came back a moment later, even more flustered. "It's Merv Griffith," he said.

"How did you find out?"

"I said, 'Is everything all right Mr. Douglas?'"

★ ★ ★

David, Larry, Jim and a few others went off tonight to one of the bars in Guerneville. "I'm surprised you didn't go, Ronnettte," said my roommate Stefan.

"What would make you think that I, Ronnettte Bluestein, after twelve years in San Francisco, could find any amusement, any joy, or anything at all entertaining in watching 4,000 fag-ettes jammed into a bar, cruising each other wildly, drinking themselves under the table, and dancing to a music that never heard of modulation and whose volume is so fortisissimo that it precludes even the most perfunctory conversation. You must be out of your mind. I can dance at home."

★ ★ ★

The power of the pen: Larry tells me that cruising on River Road and by the lake has been very light since the mention of Bohomos by Herb Caen.

★ ★ ★

Work is extremely easy. Breakfast is slow. Alan and I actually had a morning where no one at all sat at our table. We relieve the tedium by watching the straight boys, each other, and the members. Billie has the hot for bonny Eddie MacBride,

straight busboy and amateur pugilist. David pines for young Bill Phillips, straight waiter and Hastings law student. Jim longs for some long lanky creature with the face of an adolescent, and Jesse, the older Mexican waiter, spreads the rumor that he saw a whole group of cooks and assorted football players in various attitudes of pent-up lust-released last night behind the bunks, and that he, Miss Jessica, was their vessel and container of love, a union hard for me to visualize or believe. I think Jesse is simply the voice of our communal unconscious, a raconteur who's seen too many Tom of Finland drawings.

There are a host of men who could satisfy me. I wonder if there will ever come a time when I can see a man and not search his physiognomy, his hands and fingers, his earlobes and hairline for clues to the size, shape, color, texture, smell, and taste of his crotch and external genitalia.

★ ★ ★

Julius Caesar and St. Francis have come and gone. Henry Kissinger and Helmut Schmidt have abandoned camp and gone their separate ways. The waitresses split the very moment the shift is over and lunch eaten to go sunning, river-tubing, drinking — anything.

★ ★ ★

The word has reached me that Mr. P, general manager of the Bohemian Club, was not amused about the nightly drunken congregation of waitresses around the campfire and sent a formal invitation to the girls not to return. "This place is not for you," he said, his face expressionless, his voice a monotone

with a Swiss accent.

"This place is not for you." So my initial impression of the Grove is officially corroborated.

EPILOGUE

I just spoke to Larry. He ran into the guy with the dead baby in his pants and went to his house for some superficial amor.

"Talk about rich, you should see this guy's house."

"Jesus. Where does he get his money?"

"Father. Born rich."

"Born rich," I murmured like an incantation, and immediately the words were transformed into the movie music, "Born Free".

Born Rich

Rich as the sunset

Rich as the beach wet

With the ocean's wealth . . .

"Well, that explains it," I said. "His father was a member of the Bohemian Club, so he's a member of the Bohemian Club. I wondered how a faggot got in."

"You figured it out. And talk about cock. I could barely get the head and about two inches of it into my mouth."

"Born rich and a huge cock," I repeated, getting depressed. Born rich with a huge cock and handsome somehow equals much more than thrice-blessed. "I would certainly like to meet him, my dear. Why don't you give him my number," I said into the cold Tupamaro rose colored princess phone.

"Well, Ronnettte, he noticed you, but I don't think it's likely that he'd call you."

Hum.

GayWHOGayWHATGayWHEREGayWHENGayWHY

Summer Whimsy

It's a night Dickens might have conjured for an orphan. Cold wind bites and the summer night's fog is nearly rain. Although it's Saturday night the streets are abandoned, drear and dull.

Inside Theatre Rhinoceros, though, there's the heat of activity. All is ablaze and busy. It's the last rehearsal of *Fourtune*, which, with the next night's public preview, becomes the first musical Rhino has presented. Over the stage a large neon tube

spells the show's name in sky blue warmth. Rock musicians obligate extraneously in solo warm-up, technicians spider up and down ladders, actors wiggle among the ladders rehearsing their numbers, a carpenter crawls nearly between their legs to bolt down a platform that shouldn't be wiggling, and in the midst of this typical theatrical scurry, spreading his arms to clear a space center stage, the costume designer is trying to fit one of the actresses into a floral print nightgown which he hopes will see double duty as a fashionable 1920's dress.

"Let me imagine it with sleeves," he says, backing off for a more visionary overview.

Suddenly the band coalesces into a whole and sounds never before heard in Theatre Rhino blossom. An electric bass sheds a funky rhythm, heated by saxophone riffs and propelled by some jumping bean bongos. After a season's worth of farces, prison dramas and drug explorations it's overwhelming to encounter a toe-tapper!

"I wanted to do it," director Chuck Solomon says simply to explain this first-time event. "I'd seen the show in New York and like it. It's a Gay musical with an equal number of men and women and a small combo of musicians. I thought Theatre Rhino was a conducive spot for the show, so I included it on the list of shows I was interested in directing during the upcoming season. It turned out that Allan Estes, the Theatre's Artistic Director already knew the show, and suggested we not wait for the fall but do it as a summer musical. And *Fourtune* does have that summer night feel to it. It's just a summer whimsy."

The cast members and choreographer concurred. Although a moral could be found in *Fourtune*, they felt it was apolitical, not a message show at all. It tells of a cabaret group on tour and the situations that result when two couples begin switching partners.

Mario Mondelli and Deborah Spector, two members of the cast of four, spoke about the show.

"This is my first appearance 'upstairs' at Rhino. I play 'the perfectly outrageous' Roscoe. They call him outrageous because he's sooo Gay. He comes out to his wife — that's Deborah — after marriage, and finds she's bisexual, too."

"My character's flamboyant," said Deborah. "I'll go out with

(Continued on next page)

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Couples Recoupling. The cast of *Fourtune*, the hit off-Broadway musical that opened at Theatre Rhino on August 4, includes (l. to r.) Ski Mark Ford, Suzanne Lange, Deborah Spector, and Mario Mondelli. (Photo: A. Nomura)

(Continued from previous page)

a piece of liver if it's friendly. So I begin to have an affair with the other woman in the group while my husband pairs up with the other man. We find out everybody should just be themselves,

and end up one big group, not even couples."

The pair shares an off-stage similarity. Mario works in a corporate law office, and Deborah used to be a lawyer. "I'm a new discovery," she joked. "Before

this I performed in court."

The cast also stars Suzanne Lange and Ski Mark Ford. While three of *Fortunes* members are new to Rhino, none are new to musicals, and their itch to open the show is contagious. Solomon, a well-awarded director, has enjoyed fitting his work together with a music director and a choreographer so that all three of their efforts would come together at the same time. That happens officially on August 4, and then *Fortune* will be Rhino's "summer whimsy" until September 24. Call 861-5079 for reservations. ■

Peace Bombs

August 8 is Nagasaki Day, the day our government dropped an atomic bomb on that city. The occasion will be marked by *Tales of Peace*, a program of stories and poems and origami presented at 544 Natoma by Flying Eagle Feather. The Gay Indian storyteller will have marked Hiroshima Day with a similar program several days previously in Washington, D.C. He calls the bicoastal event "a polarity message for the United States."

"Telling my stories on both sides of the country will tie it coast to coast," Eagle Feather told the *Bay Area Reporter*. "I open my program by folding some origami. It's a symbolic beginning. I fold the crane, which represents a long and happy life. A little girl in Hiroshima developed leukemia after the bomb, and tried to fold 1,000

cranes before her death. She died before she could and her classmates folded the rest and buried them with her. There's a statue of her in Hiroshima, and people hang cranes on it and send them to their leaders to ask for peace.

"I call my program *Tales of Peace* because it's a message for the children who are killed by bombs. To kill children because world leaders are at odds doesn't make sense at all."

Eagle Feather was raised in New Orleans, with Honduran parents and Mayan ancestry. He wasn't told stories of his culture because the Spaniards and the Church taught that Indian cul-



Bette's A Beaut!

Several days after opening their first-ever musical, *Fortune*, Theatre Rhinoceros has another first.

It's the First Annual Bette Rhino Awards. The evening, on Wednesday, August 10, at 8:30 will find a host of San Francisco celebrities on hand to honor the theatre's artists and review the theatre's most successful year. And just like the Tonys, awards will be given to 36 nominees in all fields of Rhino endeavor, with the voting being done by the audience present that evening. So be on hand for this unique event. Tickets are \$5 for nominees and \$7 general. Call 861-5079 for reservations. ■



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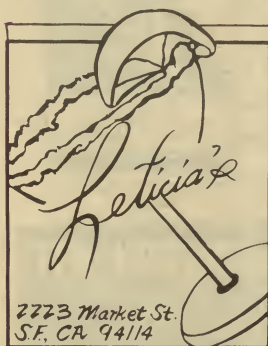
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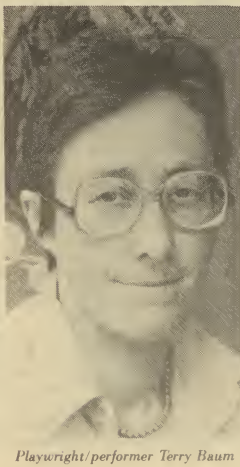
Terry Baum will perform her new play, *Death's Angel* (Requiem for a Marriage), for three nights, August 4, 5, & 6 at the Valencia Rose. *Death's Angel* portrays an aging Lesbian confronting the fact that her lover is dying, and struggling with hospital bureaucracy, demanding for herself and her lover all the rights and privileges of a heterosexual married couple.

The play explores the meaning of love and commitment between two women who have spent a life together, and how society refuses to acknowledge the commitment because they are Gay.

Baum portrays Virginia Sedgeway, a feisty dyke who must decide whether she will follow the rules one more time and, if not, how she will go about breaking them. *Death's Angel* premiered at the National Festival of Women's Theater in Santa Cruz, where it received great acclaim.

Baum is well-known as the founder of Lilith, and as creator and performer of *Dos Lesbos* and *Ego Trip*.

Curtain, 8 PM; admission, \$5; reservations, 863-3863. ■



Playwright/performer Terry Baum

Miss Gay Bay Area

Joanna Caron and Black Rose Productions proudly present the First Annual Miss Gay Bay Area Beauty Pageant, the official preliminary to the Miss Gay Continental U.S.A. Pageant to be held in Chicago, Illinois.

The Miss Gay Bay Area Pageant will be held Saturday, August 6, at the Rathskeller, 600 Turk Street at 7 PM.

Many outstanding prizes and cash awards will be given to the winners. First place prize includes \$300 cash and round-trip airfare to Chicago, with hotel accommodations for the Miss Gay Continental U.S.A. Pageant.

Tickets are on sale, and entry applications are available at the Black Rose, 741 O'Farrell Street.

Coming from Chicago for your entertainment pleasure will be Mr. Felecia J. Flint of the Baton Show Lounge in Chicago and Tiffany Ariaguss, the reigning Miss Gay Continental U.S.A. ■

Alchemy with Sex Roles

by Sue Zemel

The sky's the limit when it comes to interpreting *Cloud 9*, Caryl Churchill's zany comedy, which explores the many possibilities of personhood. Churchill has written an eccentrically complex piece of theater, presenting a kaleidoscope of relationships and a cast of characters who consistently never turn out to be who or what we expect them to be.

Cloud 9 raises genderfuck to a fine art . . . the message, that one must struggle not to be caught up in class and sex roles, is expressed with wit and wisdom.

An alchemist preoccupied with the subject of sex roles, Churchill takes us to Africa in the late 1800's, where a supposedly civilized Victorian family runs amok in the jungle. The second act of the play features some of the same folks living in contemporary London, yet having aged only 25 years. If this sounds confusing, hold on. It gets worse, or even better, depending on your perspective.

Let me take a deep breath and explain. In the first act there's

in her second role), who is in love with Betty. A doll "plays" baby Victoria, who is blithely tossed about the stage as moralistic mother Maud (Jenny Sterlin), watches aghast.

In the second act, Edward (Drew Eshelman) has grown up to be a Gay gardener, whose lover Gerry (Chuck LaFont) has just split. Victoria (Lorri Holt) is beginning to blossom, after having left her boring husband Martin (Errol Ross). She gets involved in a lesbian relationship

with Lin (Sigrid Wurschmidt), who has her hands full with her daughter Cathy (Oropeza), a terrorist child. Betty (Jenny Sterlin) has left Clive, and is searching to find her own identity after years of defining herself through her husband. Her great breakthrough comes when she learns to masturbate.

Clothes Make the Man. Sex is no barrier to actors in Cloud 9; clothing, not an actor's own gender, gives the sign. Chuck LaFont (L.) shares an intimate moment with Sigrid Wurschmidt. (Photo: A. Nomura)

One of my favorite lines in the play is Edward's startling revelation to Lin and Victoria that he thinks he's a lesbian. As playwright Churchill cleverly suggests, often the role doesn't suit the character, nor does the character necessarily fit the role. Regardless, the cast of *Cloud 9* does a superb job with their assorted transmutations, and this talented group raises to fine art the phenomenon of the genderfuck.

Director Richard Seyd's production, however, sacrifices feeling for farce at times, and I found the second act falling somewhat short. By stressing the sexual, Seyd misses some of the subtler sides of the characters who people Churchill's play.

Still, *Cloud 9* is an event not to be missed, and one which I could certainly see for a second time, with, no doubt, a different response. Churchill's message, that one must struggle to define oneself, to love, and live in a crazy world without getting caught up in class and sex roles, comes across loud and clear. Churchill is a playwright of considerable wit and wisdom, and her work is some of the most exciting I've watched in a long time.

Cloud 9
Marines Memorial Theatre
Continuing: 771-6900

Director Richard Seyd's production skipping of "Dancing" are beautiful in their simplicity.

In this revival we're missing a thing or two — Oliver Smith's traveling cyclorama of city streets, the jig-saw puzzle conjuring of Vandergelder's store — but everything else is here, and in pretty good shape. The cast is excellent, with only Tom Batten's Vandergelder lacking a touch of likeability under the

a second act that wasn't on automatic pilot, and all her huge musical comedy greatness was there. She's amazing.

I hope Hello, Dolly never stops returning — may it be the Chu Chin Chow of our day. You can keep Champion's fluidly choreographic conception, the gliding sets, dancing horse or sunny warmth of the colors if you must. For me, it would suffice merely to hear Dolly say "Why, Irene Molloy, you're crying," and to hear Irene answer, "Oh, Dolly, the world is full of wonderful things!"

So many times I feel those wonderful things exist only on the stage. And a good many of them are in Hello, Dolly!

Hello, Dolly
Orpheum Theatre
Through August 14; 474-3800

Jose Revives

Jose Sarria, the fabled drag performer who drew SRO audiences to the Black Cat Bar from the late 1940's to the early 1960's, revives his Sunday afternoon opera performances on August 7 at the Valencia Rose. The opera under attack will be Verdi's *Rigoletto*, rewritten and accompanied by Hazel McGinnis. Showtime is 3 PM; tickets are \$3.

gruff. It makes his turnabout at the end more of a *deus-ex-machina*.

And Carol. She's been Dolly for twenty years. Can we forgive her if at times she's unaware there are other characters in this show? Or that she talks as if we're lip reading? She warmed up opening night and delivered

ty and need for companions and adventure enhance production values with a humanity most musicals lack. Dolly is not remarrying for money. She wants "to rejoin the human race," to not be alone. Set that to a stirring march like "Before The Parade Passes By," dress it



I Put My Hand in There. Has Dolly Gallagher Levi been hanging out on Folsom Street? Or is her handy claim merely metaphorical? Whichever, it's good to have the entire Dolly company back in town.

in Champion's exciting routines and it's no wonder an audience of adults claps in glee.

Elegance is refusal, said Diana Vreeland, and Champion has created an elegant package, at times supplying choreography and direction of daring simplicity. The mincing promenade of "Sunday Clothes," the unadorn-



The Empire Threatened. Drew Eshelman (L.) reacts with horror when Errol Ross reveals himself by making a pass — the Great White Hunter should not be hunting men — in Cloud 9. (Photo: A. Nomura)

Champion Forever

by John F. Karr

Despite a tinny sound system that hummed loudly all evening and caused the star to sound as if she were speaking from behind a cotton veil, I rejoiced. Thank god for a world in which Carol Channing is still doing Hello Dolly.

In 1964 Dolly was the apotheosis of the big, Broadway musical. Its brassy style and large size were imitated but never matched. That's because it had heart and a unique stylization that meshed the cartoon qualities of the star with every facet of the production. If that cartoon has gotten broader, slower in pace, over the years, removing whatever subtlety the show might have had, it still matches the original for excitement.

This is a show about excitement, the need for adventure. "We're not coming home until we fall in love," the characters sing as they embark on their adventure, and the wonderful power of the theatre to restore innocence sweeps the Orpheum. Gower Champion's production — sadly discarded in the movie version — may be brilliant, but it rests on the bedrock of a Thornton Wilder script. Wilder, a severely repressed Gay man, sublimated his needs in his writing, and his love of human-



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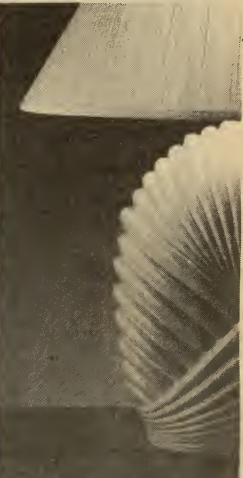
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STAGE

Hello, Entree

by Bernard Spunberg

Each to his own fetish, but can there be anyone who doesn't get a little thrill from food? Tina Howe's *The Art of Dining*, presented by the Novarena Stage Company at Studio Rhino, explores the different ways in which we tie on the feedbag, zeroing in on food as metaphor for love sexual, platonic, and familial.

Almost too much success has come to a chef and her husband who have opened a restaurant in their living room.

Allison Rowley has perspiration on her perspiration as a writer for whom food dredges up childhood trauma. She stammers, she stumbles, she spills food and is a moving and hilarious victim of her own teeming imagination. Charles Aups complements her neatly as an assured and assuring publisher who gets a gentlemanly charge out of soothing nervous female writers.

Pamela Minet Amy Jo Neill, and Sandra Renee Schlechter are three pals out on the town — pals, that is, until the entrees arrive. Each rips away a thin veil of snazzy manners to reveal uncontrollable primal lust. The three women alternately stroke and claw each other, pausing for Schlechter to torture herself with dieter's anguish before finally lunging.



Desperate Dieters. The Art of Dining features (l. to r.) Pamela Minet, Sandra Renee Schlechter, and Amy Jo Neill in one of its vignettes. (Photo: S. Puckitt)

Judith Bows and Rocco Matone play a married couple for whom a menu is a list of sensual possibilities.

Regina McDonnell and Mark McIntyre are the restaurant owners, and McIntyre's incessant nervous sampling in the kitchen makes him a worthy candidate for physical violence. What cook wouldn't feel like hurling a cleaver at somebody who just polished off all the hollandaise?

Unfortunately, playwright Howe never allows McDonnell's chef to respond with real anger, undercutting not only the plausibility of the character, but the resonance of the whole play. When temperatures rise in the

dining room, the kitchen should heat up proportionately, and it doesn't.

The Art of Dining, directed by Sean Grathwol and designed with an appreciation for tacky suburbia by Richard Leaf, has eating, talking, fighting, and smooching, but so what? Humans have been hunkering down on their haunches and gnawing together for quite a while — old news. What is fresh about *Dining* are the characters. They are as serious, funny, and universal as — well, eating. ■

The Art of Dining
Novarena Stage Company
Through August 28; 861-5079

Greece II

by John F. Karr

Michael Cacoyannis may have had success directing tragedies on the screen and the stage, but he shows no understanding of the needs of a musical. Coupling his eviscerations and melange of styles with two legit stars who are also ill at ease in the musical field only exposes the weaknesses of their vehicle. Together the triumvirate have come up with a mediocre show.

That was a surprise. Although *Zorba* was never a front-rank musical, it wasn't mediocre. In its original production its strong, secure and dramatic confrontations were well-directed by Harold Prince, then developing the innovations that placed *Zorba* in between Cabaret and Sondheim's *Company*.

Prince created a frame for *Zorba*, having a troupe of gypsy players act out the story. This allowed us to absorb more believably its larger-than-life aspects and heightened the Greek sense of fate. The *Zorba* character continually preaches that life must be embraced; Prince put that in a context of inevitable death that provided a

stark contrast, setting the message in relief.

Cacoyannis and Quinn have worked to undo the theatrical know-how of the show's creators. Quinn felt the opening line did not reflect Kazantzakis' philosophies, so he rewrote the bracing "Life is what you do while you're waiting to die" to the estian "Life is what you do 'til the moment you die." Close to the novel, perhaps, but hardly a line that kicks off a show and provides *Zorba* with something to fight against.

Similarly, Cacoyannis has thrown out the framing device. This leaves us with "reality," and we choke on swallowing it. Why are the citizens of downtown Greece suddenly singing and dancing a Broadway opening number, complete with balloons and happy villagers?

The stoning of the widow — handsomely played and sung by Taro Meyer — is also weakened. In this production she is knifed by one man, changing her judgment from that of societal values transgressed to a personal vendetta, more clearly a murder. And the old women, the "crows" who await the death of *Zorba*'s girlfriend to scavenge her possessions, here justify their actions. "We're poor, we need her things," weakening the starkness of that death as well.

Every chill of the original has been thawed, either by the director or the star. Quinn struggles mightily to tow this iceberg along, never noticing his own overheated enthusiasm has melted its contours into an untheatrical softness.

Choreography by Graciela Daniele moves beyond summer stock/Broadway only once, for a Jack Cole rip-off done by butch guys banging poles on the ground. Very Kismet.

Anthony Quinn doesn't bother acting — he is *Zorba*. But the exertions of song and dance expose technique sorely, and one sees him working hard to keep up. Ditto the charming Lila Kedrova, who re-incarnates Fifi D'Orsay poorly with one note fake Frenchness and gasps for air between notes.

Debbie Shapiro, as the one-woman Greek chorus provides the most life. She's a belter. But around her is a sorry farago, a disembowling of the original in the name of authenticity. Thank god for the cute boys and husky Greeks who populate the chorus. Quinn, of course, gets a standing ovation. Anne Murray got one in the same theatre. ■

Zorba
Golden Gate Theatre
Through August 20; 775-8800

Cabaret Dates

Harrison, Hofsass, Clevenson and Beall are "Steamheat". Their claim is "Lesbian cabaret at its finest." At the Valencia Rose, Sunday, August 7, 8 PM, \$4.

Joe Ross appears in a concert performance that is a musical exploration. . . . and *I Remember String Bean Soup* at the Plush Room, August 5 at 9:30 PM.

Fanny's presents Nancy LaMott on Friday nights, Rick Jensen on Thursdays and Reginald McDonald on Sunday, August 14. Call 621-5570 for times. ■

Top Tenors Needed

With ten basses, ten baritone, ten second tenors and only five first tenors, the Dick Kramer Gay Men's Chorale faces a crisis. Any top tenors who would like to join the group should call Director Kramer at 863-0342.

During September the Chorale will sing at the Pride Center, the Old First Church and Trinity Chapel in Berkeley. The repertoire includes Poulenc's "Four Little Prayers of St. Francis," Milhaud's "Psalm 121" setting, and works by Brahms, Telemann, Purcell, Thompson, Copland and Rorem. ■

Days of the Guild

The origins and early days of the Tavern Guild will be the subject of an informal talk to be presented at the Valencia Rose Cafe on Tuesday August 9 at 8 PM as part of its Gay History series, "Gay and Lesbian Pioneers". The Guild was formed in 1960 by bar owners as a reaction to harassment their clubs and patrons were subject to. Bob Ross, *Bay Area Reporter* publisher and an early member of the Tavern Guild will be the speaker. The \$4 admission will benefit the AIDS/KS Foundation. ■

BOOK RACK

Remembrance of Nights Past

Jubilant Decadence Gives Way To Literary Merit in Holleran's Second Novel

Nights in Aruba
By Andrew Holleran
William Morrow & Co.; \$12.95

by Paul Reed

Reading Andrew Holleran is like eating fine chocolate, so much does the reader savor every morsel as if it were the sweetest, most tasty confection. Like John Updike and Edmund White, Holleran's lexicon is vast, and, more importantly, he knows how to structure a sentence from that vastness — exquisitely, poetically, perfectly.

In *Nights in Aruba*, Holleran's second novel, we are treated to spellbinding portraiture:

The sight of that church at the end of the curved tracks soothed me. Its pleasing proportions seemed to me only one aspect of the beauty of a world that included, too, the quartet of soccer players crossing the bridge now in the twilight. The air was green and so were the uniforms and high socks which left only their thighs exposed, pushing back the viridescent air like the legs of swimmers, flashing as they waded into the surf.

But *Nights in Aruba* is more than an accomplishment of good prose. Were it only that, the novel could be disparaged as florid, overwritten perhaps. But *Nights in Aruba* is neither, for the gentle rhythms of the prose, the delicious vocabulary choices, and the loose, easy structure all fit the subject of the book, something of a remembrance, a reflection (and sometimes analysis) of the youth of the novel's narrator.

In many ways, the book is reminiscent of, most recently, Edmund White's *A Boy's Own Story*. Both books take a rambling, ruminative look at their narrators' youths with something approaching melancholy thrown into the bargain. And, in both cases, the truths selected from the filter of memory are familiar; so often the reader can smile and nod, knowing the feeling (the conclusions, the same realizations already made in the reader's own life).

That universality grants the novel a certain brand of wisdom: knowing what is real from having discerned both the nonsense and the value of one's past, having examined — by participation — the many attitudes and postures adopted by all as life moves on.

It is this wisdom — or depth of character — that distinguishes *Nights in Aruba* from Holleran's first novel, *Dancer From*

the Dance, the international bestseller that was published in September 1978. Of course, we are all somehow more wise now than in 1978. *Dancer From the Dance*, though less well written than *Nights in Aruba*, celebrated in Holleran's already distinctive style what Armistead Maupin has called the "Fire Island School" of Gay literature, those books dealing, as Maupin puts it, with "disco and angst."

But in 1978 what else was there but disco and angst? The jubilant decadence of a burgeoning Gay society was distraction enough. The country's Gay community had no tasks other than to go forth and multiply, work for civil rights, enjoy Friday and Saturday nights at the disco, and then, later, the baths. Jimmy Carter and his down-home good old boys occupied the White House; in September 1978 — when *Dancer* was published — Harvey Milk was still alive. Reactionary fascists did not yet rule the American Empire, nor had the spectre of AIDS reared its ugly head. It was, as friends so often say nowadays, the good old days.

And *Dancer From the Dance* was part of those good old days, one of the bunch of novels being released in what promised to be a successful new publishing wave: Gay fiction. The book was, then, itself a sociological phenomenon, along with Larry Kramer's *Faggots*, Rita Mae Brown's *Rubyfruit Jungle*, and in San Francisco, *Tales of the City*. Gay people had come out of the closet en masse, and they were celebrating the fact everywhere.

Somehow, things changed, and the sudden wave of Gay-oriented publishing ceased as abruptly as it had begun. Publishers (the major houses) had to face the fact that Gay books did not sell, at least not simply on the grounds that they were "Gay." The effect this had, probably for the good, was to return Gay-oriented fiction to a matter of quality, as it had always been. For this reason, the major houses are now more selective — much more — in the Gay titles they choose for publication.

Nights in Aruba is an example of this process, for the book transcends what might be

regarded as the merely Gay. The novel has real literary merit — it has something to say about life and youth and one's relationship to one's parents. It is only secondarily a "Gay novel." Its primary subject is the coming-to-terms with one's parents that most everyone must face at some point.

★ ★ ★

There is very little to tell about Andrew Holleran as a celebrity or personage. Biographical notes tell only that he is the author of *Dancer From the Dance* and a frequent contributor to the *New York Native* and *Christopher Street*. This much could be discerned by anyone who can read. Nowhere can I find a picture of Andrew Holleran, nor an interview with him, nor much indication of a life beyond his writing.

In some sense this is frustrating, so much has the personality of a writer come to have a bearing on his work. I want to see what Holleran looks like; I want to know if he is a clone, if he works as a waiter by day, if he dances in a chorus line or directs a museum. These things matter little, I admit, since his writing is of itself quite characteristic and wholly satisfying.

I guess I want more Holleran. After *Dancer From the Dance* — which I read in a dusty town in the Sacramento Valley in the scorching summer of 1979 — I wanted more of the same. But for years I had to content myself with essays and brief reportages in *Christopher Street* and more recently the *New York Native*.

Appearing in *Aphrodisiac*, an anthology of fiction from *Christopher Street*, is an excellent piece by Holleran entitled "Nipples." And the *Christopher Street Reader* (1983) has collected four pieces by Holleran, each of them a precious treasure.

While reading *Nights in Aruba*, I reviewed his four short pieces once again in the *Christopher Street Reader*, and was pleased to find something of a transition between *Dancer* and *Nights*. There are the more serious subjects — remembrance, the loss of youth, the passing of time, the condition of Gay promiscuity — upon which Holleran meditates in a surprisingly heavy way. There is a short passage in his essay "Nostalgia for the Mud," that is quite amazing in its precise appraisal of erotic contradictions:

Why do we rush out to trick after talking to our mothers on the telephone? Why do we find graduate students from Princeton lying face down in the Mineshaft? ... Why do Gays wear ripped clothing and congregate in ruins? Why do I feel a strange sense of freedom the moment I enter a decaying neighborhood? ...

In another of the four pieces, I found this strangely apocryphal passage, in reference to a character who admits he has lost the taste for promiscuous, "fast-food sex":

... you can't imagine how awful it is. To be gay, yet no longer able to respond to other gay men because you know it will only be an exchange as profound as eating an Egg McMuffin

— I feel as if I've developed a disease or something, and I'm doomed to wander as a ghost, alienated from my own kind.

These kinds of thoughts bridge the space between *Dancer From the Dance*'s less ambitious considerations to *Nights in Aruba*'s bull-by-the-horns grappling with one of the central

(Continued on page 27)

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From Castro to Christopher

Photography by Nicholas Blair



The Wounded Man

A New Fassbinder?

It's significant that France would have entered a Gay film at Cannes this year and is sending it to other festivals, including our own in Mill Valley.

Mitigating the good news somewhat is the protestation of director and co-writer Patrice

Chereau that *The Wounded Man* (*L'Homme Blessé*) "is not a film about homosexuality. It's the story of a passion. . . . And you're not reading this in a Gay newspaper, either.

On the brighter side, if Chereau wanted to make Gay films he could take up where Fassbinder left off. *The Wounded Man* is far better than *Querelle*, much like a slicker version of Fassbinder's earlier *Fox and His Friends*.

Like Fassbinder, Chereau focuses on the seamy side of Gay life. None of his characters is happy, nor do they bring any happiness to others. Henri (Jean-Hugues Anglade) is a lonely teenager who's attracted to the subculture that hangs out in the tearoom and meatrack of his local train station.

Henri is especially aroused by Jean (Vittorio Mezzogiorno), who smells of danger and seems always to be involved in some nefarious activity. In turn Henri attracts the attention of Dr. Bosmans (Roland Bertin), a frightened voyeur. The three dance around each other until the inevitable final tragedy.

We're not given enough information about Henri's background to understand his own or



C'est La Gare. Jean-Hugues Anglade haunts the train station in *The Wounded Man*, a Gay film in search of an American distributor, which has its local premiere at the Mill Valley Film Festival on August 9.

his parents' calm acceptance of his new lifestyle, and some scenes make little sense without this knowledge. That, combined with the film's throbbing negativity in its portrayal of Gay life, should be enough to make me hate it; yet it appealed on some level to the dark side of my nature, and I became as intrigued as Henri with the netherworld milieu Chereau has captured so well. The uncredited musical score features a wailing sax which fits the mood perfectly.

The Wounded Man is an intensely riveting portrait of an aspect of our community most of us would rather ignore.

(Aug. 9, 7:30 PM, Sequoia 11, Mill Valley Film Festival, 383-0990) S. Warren

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Heads or Tails

Thrill Me Again

The synopsis of *Heads or Tails* gave me *deja vu*. Exactly one year ago *Garde a Vue* opened, in which determined inspector Lino Ventura hounded Michael Serrault, trying to pin a murder on him.

Serrault survived to face another police inspector for another crime. This year it's Philippe Noiret who's trying to find out why the henpecked Serrault got the perfect gift — his

wife's "accidental" death — four days before their 25th anniversary.

Everyone else wants to accept the accident theory — the police have a more important, drug-related murder on their hands and the neighbors think Serrault deserves some peace — but Noiret, even at the risk of his up-coming pension, insists on pursuing the case his own way.

Noiret and Serrault make such a perfect "odd couple" you'll be rooting for them to move in together after a few minutes. They have a lot in common, not least of which is being well

rid of nagging wives. Why Noiret would sacrifice such a potential friendship is not always clear, but everything makes sense in the end when the classicist police get exactly what they deserve.

You may experience *deja vu* yourself if a scene involving a drag queen reminds you of Serrault in *La Cage aux Folles*, but *Heads or Tails* is a straight middle-aged "buddy" movie. With two of France's best actors playing cat and mouse, it's also the year's most satisfying thriller.

(Surf) S. Warren

Krull

Beast-ly

Krull provides a glittering setting for the hoariest collection of cliches you're likely to see on-screen all year, even in a year as

unoriginal as this one.

From *Tarzan* to *Star Wars*, Tom Mix to James Bond, Robin Hood to *The Road Warrior* and *The Halls of Montezuma* to *Fists of Fury* to *The Wizard of Oz* come the elements of this medieval fable.



Merrie Men — or Gay? This is the all-volunteer army defending the planet *Krull*. When Ergo (David Battley, l.) learns that his friend the Cyclops (Bernard Bresslaw, c.) has to die, he cries, "We had no time!" What they would have done if they'd had time is one of the few things *Krull* leaves to your imagination.

As a result of moviemaking by committee, the low tech forces of the planet *Krull* are invaded by the laser-wielding, videogame troops of the evil Beast. King Colwyn (Ken Marshall) has just married Princess Lyssa (Lysette Anthony), uniting *Krull*'s feuding factions, when The Beast attacks. The rest of the story is Colwyn's search for the Black Fortress where The Beast resides. Things look hopeless every few minutes until someone says, "There is one way . . ."

It might have been fun if they hadn't hired Shakespearean actors who take it all too seriously, playing a *Raiders of the Lost Ark* script in the style of *Excalibur*. The scenery adds a visual pomposity which the pace gives us too much time to savor, and James Horner's pseudo-John Williams score is nice to listen to.

"Each to his fate," one *Krull*er muses philosophically. I wish you a better fate than *Krull*.

(Cinema 21) S. Warren

National Lampoon's

Vacation

Comedy on Holiday

Even comedy needs a rest. It can't be "on" all the time. Right? So what better way than to pull out a pile of sick dead dog jokes, bathroom chucklers, and stale 50's sitcom material and wrap them all in National Lampoon's *Vacation*.

Chevy Chase plays the nebishy father of a typical Midwestern family with ts-k-tsing wife (Beverly D'Angelo) and two precocious prepubes. Off they go for a trek across the U.S. to get to a fictional theme park in California.

Such hijinks! First Chevy has to endure getting lost in a rough Black neighborhood in St. Louis. Then his beer-belching brother-in-law (Randy Quaid) forces him to take obnoxious, smelly Aunt Edna (Imogene Coca) and her dog with the family. The dog dies. So does Aunt Edna. Are you laughing yet?

How about when the dog pees on the picnic basket? Bet you have tears in your eyes from laughing so hard. No? How about when Chevy — father knows best — crashes his car in Monument Valley, Arizona, and gets taken away by some yokel locals who

fix the car up for all the money in his wallet. And wait until you hear Chevy talk dirty to his family. That'll slay you. First *Animal House* and now *Vacation*. Give us a break!

(Alexandria) M. Lasky

One Night Stands

Films in the next weeks of Gay interest.

Saturday, August 6: (Castro) Tootsie finds a man passing as a woman to get a job and becoming a better man for it. *Kramer vs. Kramer* is Dustin Hoffman's warm-up for Tootsie. Here he plays a mother.

Monday, August 8: (Strand) Joe Gage's *Heatstroke* and *Closed Set*. Tired or scared of seeing porn at high prices with sadder seedy deadbeats? Here's porn at nominal cost, seen the way it's supposed to be, with a fun loving noisy, seedy crowd. Smoking in the balcony and on the screen only.

Tuesday, August 9: (Castro) Gay people often idolize those who can deliver in spite of adversity. Marilyn Monroe delivers in *The Misfits*, probably her best film. Clark Gable thought it was

his best. With Monty Clift. Also directed by John Huston is *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. Garden shears will never be the same. Marlon Brando lusts after Robert Forester, ignoring plump wife Elizabeth Taylor who is sleeping with Brian Keith who is married to Julie Harris.

(Strand) In *The Hunger* Catherine Deneuve seduces Susan Sarandon while her old lover David Bowie goes to pieces. Sex, death and immortality.

(Parks) *Personal Best* is about Olympic women in love, sweat, passion, and eroticism. *Big Wednesday* has lots of Jan-Michael Vincent and other tanned gorgeous surfers.

Thursday, August 11: (Strand) *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* is one of the best films ever made about gay relationships (and bi and het ones, too). *Murray Head* is the lover of Peter Finch and Glenda Jackson.

Michael Benzry

VIDEO

MICHAEL LASKY

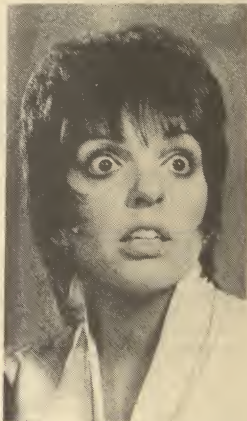
Four Women: Diana, Liza, Grace, and Cher

The advent of home video now allows us front row seats to high priced concerts and stage shows we might not otherwise be able to see or afford to see. What is lost in the immediacy of actually being in the audience is

compensated for by camerawork that allows us to be up close to the performers, providing a more intimate ambience.

Diana Ross In Concert

Originally on Home Box Office, this 1979 Caesar's Palace concert cost \$30-50 per person when it ran in Las Vegas. Ross's elaborate show comes across as somewhat plastic and phony but despite that and perhaps because of it is enjoyable. Diana always seems to be out of breath even though the most she does is change her fabbbbbbulous costumes. Her sets include a multi-screen rear projection, through which she makes a singularly spectacular entrance and exit. The material includes old Supremes hits, her solo numbers, and the now obligatory overlong stroll in the audience for "Reach Out and Touch." Behind her is a 50 piece orchestra and a gaggle of chorus boys, who, as in most star shows, do most of the work. The camera unfortunately focuses on Ross so we really don't get to see those boys strut their stuff. All in all,



Surprised by video — Liza Minnelli.

what Ross lacks in soul she makes up in gloss. Cassette box packaging is excellent. ■
(RCA/Columbia Home Video; 120; \$39.95 or rental)

An Evening With Liza Minnelli

Unlike Ross, Minnelli puts soul in her delivery of "My Man." In fact the relentless energy Liza puts out makes this tape of her 1981 concerts fly. This is much the same show that she did in San Francisco but without Joel Grey. I was there but so far back in the Warfield balcony that this video was a pleasure to see what I missed. With Minnelli it's hard to miss anything. Her style is to "sell it," and to "wow" them. Her cover of the Ethel Merman's "Gypsy" showstopper, "Some People," is gutsy and acted out. But so is every other number. Included are "Cabaret," "New York, New York," "Come In From The Rain," and "Arthur in the Afternoon," the incredibly vulgar dance number from "The Act." Dressed, for starters, in a Judy Garland black sequin pantsuit,

she progresses to more theatrical costumes in front of basically simple city lights sets. The camera work is excellent, well angled from the front row and sides. The box package offers no information. ■
(20th Century Fox Video; 51 minutes; \$39.95)

Grace Jones — A One Man Show

Was this filmed before an audience? Was it done in a studio or on location? It's hard to tell. The vocals sound like they could be live but other times are obviously — and poorly — lip-synced. Directed by former art director-husband Jean Paul Goude, Jones' production is visually striking, typically New Wavish, and the one sure thing to keep us interested. Grace has no grace for singing — she's monotoned and monochrome. She performs (?) ten numbers from her six albums and it's her weird machine shop hairdo that captivates us on "Pull Up to the Bumper" and in "Living My Life," a frantic dance of oversized rainbow colored lady bugs.



Grace Jones plunges into video.

This is labored weirdness but somehow compelling. Just as we get hooked, the tape is over. But like a record, we can always play it again. ■
(Vestron Video; 45 minutes; \$39.95)

Cher: A Celebration at Caesar's Palace

Recently aired on Showtime and to be released for home rental or purchase later this summer, Cher's Las Vegas revue is as slick as they come and a tad campier. Despite the high production values, the elaborate set, and the flashy parade of Bob Mackey costumes (each more outrageous than the next), what comes through on the small screen is that this lady's got a good set of pipes, a solid delivery, and proven multi-faceted talent.

Edited to a breathless 56 minutes, cutting out some of the needless audience response, no doubt, but also part of the live feel to the set, Cher's show remains thoroughly engaging. She appeals to the polyester crowds as well as to more hip audiences. Her innate sincerity is mixed with a down-to-earth sense of humor.

Her sense of camp allows her to bring on a pair of Chippendale's male strippers and two drags (J. C. Cooper and Kenny Sasha) who do convincing impressions of Diana Ross and Bette Midler. Cher has finely tuned timing and knows accordingly when to put over a torch ballad or a flashy upbeat number. This, together with her dramatic performance in Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean, shows that she is that rare breed — a trouper.

(Paramount Video; \$39.95)

All of the above video cassettes may be purchased or rented at The Video Mart, 279 9th Street (near Folsom).

FILM CLIPS

REVIEWS BY MICHAEL LASKY AND STEVE WARREN

Jaws 3-D

The Tooth Shall Make You Three

I was one of the few critics to defend Jaws 2, but not even I can find anything good to say about Jaws 3-D, or *The Brody Bunch Goes to Sea World*. This Jaws doesn't bite — it sucks.

Lured no doubt by publicity, a 35-foot great white shark brings her baby to the opening of a new Sea World. Baby is subdued but Mama keeps eating and bumping into things until the bitter end.

Roy Scheider doesn't appear, but his character's two sons have grown into Dennis Quaid and John Putsch (so who says this isn't a legitimate sequel?). The former works at Sea World while his brother lives in Denver to avoid water. Bess Armstrong, a marine biologist, lives with Quaid; and Louis Gossett, Jr., who once gave an Oscar-worthy performance, runs the park.

The actors are almost as mechanical as the shark, who is reminiscent of the "land sharks" on the old "Saturday Night Live," especially when she

moves "indoors" for the finale. The script generates a minimum of excitement in either the characters or the plot. Only when the famous fin is swimming in formation with the line of water skiers do we have incentive to lend more than half a mind to the proceedings.

The 3-D is what it is and does what it does, but it's time someone made a good picture in the process — the novelty value has worn off.

To be sure I saw Jaws 3-D under the worst of conditions — a bargain matinee at the Alhambra. About half the scenes take place either underwater or at night, and at those times the screen was the darkest thing in the overlit theatre so it was impossible to tell what was going on.

The audience cheered the shark at his first appearance, then seemed to lose interest when it turned out to be the villain. At the end a dissatisfied patron shouted, "This movie is the shits!"

A critic is born. ■

(Alhambra, Empire, Seramonte) S. Warren

HOLLERAN

(Continued from page 25)

questions of adult existence: who am I, and how did I get to be who I am? The only way to answer such questions is to examine the past and then, having looked in that mirror, to come to grips with it and be done with it. The narrator of *Nights* does just that, profoundly and poetically.

★ ★ ★

Nights in Aruba deals these questions and conclusions through the memories of a man examining his childhood, adolescence, and young manhood on the Caribbean island of Aruba, in a small Florida town called Jasper, on an army base in Germany, and in New York City. The novel is relatively sparsely populated, but the characters are well-drawn, instructive.

Weaving their way through the narration are the narrator's parents, their actions and thoughts,

and how those actions and thoughts have affected the narrator. The book is surprisingly unmoving — it does not produce a profound emotional response. But it does evoke a deep aesthetic appreciation, and it does appeal to rather universal issues and feelings.

Nights in Aruba is a precious addition to modern literature. It should also become a prized accomplishment of one of our community's more gifted writers. ■

Physicians and AIDS

"The Gay Life" on KSAN, 95 FM, will air a talk, "The Physician and AIDS," Sunday, August 7, 6 AM. Psychiatrist John Rouse delivered the speech to the Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights symposium on Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome June 25. ■

FIFES

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SPORTS

COMM. SOFTBALL LEAGUE

RODGER SOTO

Acme-Cinch Spoilers!

The two hard-luck teams of the CSL, the Cinch and Acme Athletics, could very well end up being the spoilers for 1983. The Cinch, which has played good defensive ball but has been short hitting, stunned top contender Jack's Happy Daze with a shutout victory of 8 to zip. Bob Finney's Cinchers led by the excellent pitching of veteran Chris Conley had an easy time of it with Chris only giving up 3 hits. The Cinch's hitting was led by Ted Bailey, who went 3 for 4. Good defensive plays were made by the Finney Brothers, Bob and Neil. Acme Athletics, scoring their first long overdue victory over the Pipeline, had good reason to celebrate on Sunday. This team, new to the CSL but with a lot of seasoned players, has been strong hitting and defensive with a tendency to fall apart in the sixth inning. Victor Camara's strong pitching and excellent outfield defense by Victor Thomas and infield plays by Erwin Stier and Duke Joyce. Hitting was provided by Matin "Mule" Orlando, Johnny Koster, and rookies Erwin Stier and Craig Jeffery.

As we head into the finals the

strong Village and Hot & Hunky teams still lead the pack. The Village People had two victories with an easy one over the Pipeline and a squeaker over Nap's. Without a couple of errors Nap's should have taken that one. Norm Smith's consistent good pitching and the good defense make the Village a hard team to beat. Hot & Hunky, the classy new team in town, shut down the power of the Bunkhouse. Superb pitching by Richard Snow kept the Bunkhouse from their big homers. Fielding honors would have to go to Calvin "C.D." Lou who made some spectacular hard hit catches.

Rumor has a big game between two of the top teams in the city being played in September with the GSL Pendulum Pirates against the CSL Village People with lots of money being bet. It also could be a good fundraiser for some deserving charity. More on this item as it develops.

STANDINGS

Bill Chapman Division

Village	12- 2
Mint	9- 4
Slow Rush	7- 6

Rainbow Cattle Co.	6- 7
Cinch	6- 7
Acme Athletics	1-13

Julie Jordan Division

Hot & Hunky	10- 3
Jack's Happy Daze	9- 4
Bunkhouse	8- 6
Nap's Peacock	6- 8
Village BATS	3- 9
Pipeline	3-10

SCORES FOR JULY 31

Acme	9	Pipeline	3
Village	7	Nap's	5
Nap's	9	Acme	0

Slow Rush	5	Rainbow	2
Hot & Hunky	6	Bunkhouse	3
Mint	4	BATS	3
Cinch	8	Jack's	0
Village	11	Pipeline	2

GAMES ON AUGUST 7

Lang Field (Turk & Gough)

10:30 AM	Nap's @ BATS
	Village @ Mint
12:00 PM	Pipeline @ H & H
	Acme @ Slow Rush
1:30 PM	Cinch @ Rainbow
	Jack's @ Bunkhouse
3:00 PM	Rainbow @ Cinch
	Bunkhouse @ Jack's

G.T.F. TEAM TENNIS

LES BALMAIN

First Win for Twin Peaks

Coming around the clubhouse turn, the race of the nine teams in the Gay Tennis Federation is witnessing a lot of jockeying of positions as they enter the final stretch run for home. Having completed Round 6 of Team Tennis this last weekend, Twin Peaks was jubilant in celebrating their first win of the season by defeating Gay Sports by a score of 44-42. However, their won/lost record kept them in last place. Gilmore's took a strong hold on first place by defeating the Pilsner Inn 48-38. This loss pushed Pilsner Inn from second to fourth, with the idle Sutter's Mill (they had a bye) moving into second place. Showing late

season strength and stretch running muscle, Ivy's climbed from fifth to third with a big win over the Bear by a score of 50-32. The Bear slipped from fourth to sixth place. Community Rentals moved into the elite "over .500" group and into fifth place with a big win over the Cinch by a score of 50-32.

The season standings as of July 31 are:

1. Gilmore's	280	229	.559
2. Sutter's Mill	222	193	.534
3. Ivy's	214	193	.525
4. Pilsner	215	196	.523
5. Comm. Rentals	215	200	.518
6. Bear	208	211	.496
7. Gay Sports	190	215	.469
8. Cinch	225	273	.451
9. Twin Peaks	224	283	.441

pace the defending world champions who have now won 24 consecutive regular season games. Get ready, Rod. The Stables walloped Trax's playoff-bound squad 16-6. Coach McDonald saw his crew, paced by Fred Hartwell's booming bat, tee off on Mark Brown's offerings at will. Trax's softball team is a fine group of guys, and we had a great time getting to know them. That's what our league is all about. Prior to the Trax game, the "Moments" played the Cafe Sn. Marcos' "Golden Cubs" in one heck of a game. The Stables, sporting their new road uniform, prevailed 6-5 in a "flawless" contest. Bob Smith pitched the "Moments" to their double-header victory as Rick "Becky" Ritt suffered a broken ankle in the first inning. We all wish "Becky" a speedy recovery. In their second game of the day, Mike Tabeling and Joe Sproti pitched Cafe Sn. Marcos to a 13-4 win over Club 21.

Two quick comments. Several people have lost gloves in the past few weeks and we hope we can return them all to their rightful owners. If you have a glove that's not yours, bring it to Balboa Park this week, Field 1, and let's see if we can recover a few. This being our last full week, we ask you not to forget the bartenders who serve us all year. It is not easy putting up with all of our craziness every Sunday. Each team might consider taking up a collection as a nice "thank you" for a job well done. By the way, I'm not a bartender.

STANDINGS

Barbary Coast Division

Pendulum	12- 0
Trax	7- 5
Kokpit	7- 5
Rawhide	4- 7
Googie's	2-10
Club 21	2-11
DeLuxe	1-11

Golden Gate Division

Ambush	11- 1
Pilsner Inn	9- 3
Moby Dick	9- 4
Stables	8- 4
Cafe Sn. Marcos	6- 6
Phone Booth	4- 7
Rookies	2-11

Sports Clubs

Different Spokes Bicycle Club. Saturday, August 6: Brannon Island. Brisk pace, few stops, mostly flat 70 miles, bring lunch, swim suit. Meets at Concord BART, 9 AM. Info: Bob, 824-7145.

Sunday, August 7: Marin County. Moderate pace, rest stops, mostly flat 50 miles, bring lunch, swim suit and towel. Meets at Larkspur Ferry, 10:30 AM. Info: Tim, 924-3602.

Frontrunners. Sunday, August 7: Stern Grove (3 miles). Meet at Crestlake Drive entrance to Stern Grove. Tailgate brunch and brief meeting. 10 AM.

Round 7 is scheduled as follows: Saturday, August 13, 9 AM, Sutter's Mill vs. Twin Peaks; and at 11:30 AM Pilsner vs. Cinch. Sunday, August 14, at 9 AM Gay Sports vs. Ivy's, and at 11:30 AM, Community Rentals vs. The Bear. All games are played at the 15th Street and Lower Buena Vista Terrace Courts (two blocks west of Castro).

Dan Hartsuff, Secretary of the GTF, would like to announce the new mailing address for information: Gay Tennis Federation, Suite 109, 2215R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

G.S.L. UPDATE

TOM VINDEED

Final Week!

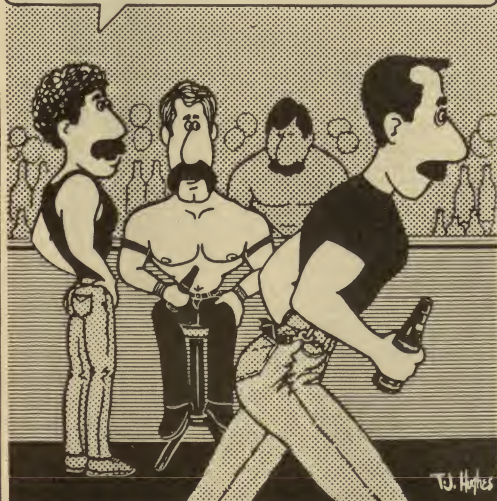
The regular season comes to a close this Sunday, and for many of us, none to soon. Our bladders and livers can only take so much. The Phone Booth has planned a final party starting at 6 PM and scheduled to end at 9 PM. If you haven't been to Linda's great place, make sure you drop in for the proverbial "just one."

A couple of shocking scores

this past week put a spark into the season. The Rawhide scored the biggest upset of the year as they rocked the Pilsner Inn 11-7. Glen, have you stopped celebrating yet? The Googie's kids came up with their best effort of the year but fell just short as the Kokpit won a thriller 9-8. Cha Cha dodged a bullet and a long winter of John David's mouth. The Ambush won over the Rookies by their favorite score, 26-1. The Pendulum Pirates, playing on their favorite field, humbled Moby Dick 21-1. Mike Fittew belted two homeruns to



That's "Miss Satellite." She orbits the bar every 5 minutes until she finds a trick or gets twisted - whichever's first!



Members of the San Francisco team, which placed fourth in the Rose Bowl games in Portland.

Winning evidently also comes quite easily to the people of Portland, as is attested to by the 1st and 3rd positions of the Individual Scratch Averages listed below (based on a total of 8 games bowled).

	Entering Average	Total	Tournament Average
1. Marty Appell	Portland	166	1513
2. Mike Sorte	Seattle	188	1502
3. Bev LaBelle	Portland	169	1449
12. John Rogowski	S.F.	151	1354
18. Hugh Smith	S.F.	164	1321
22. Jerry R. De Young	S.F.	166	1280
48. Gerard Tabila	S.F.	132	1182

Not bad, considering there were 51 more positions.

The San Franciscans team ranked fourth on the top positions. Their Entering Scratch Average was 744; their Tourney S.A. was 768, and the Tourney Handicap Average was 1,012. John Rogowski placed tenth in the Top Ten Scratch games with a score of 222. In the Top Ten Handicap games, Rogowski placed third with his 269 score and Gerard Tabila ranked sixth with 265.

The teams met on the lanes at PRO 300 in Portland. It was a very close contest. If you want to take part, it might be a good idea to make a plane reservation now for you and your ball for next year's 2nd Rose Bowl Classic, which will take place June 8-10, 1984.

J. R. De Young

B.A.R. BAZAAR

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MY KNIGHTS IN LEATHER

Knight Riders

KARL STEWART

RIVER RIDER AND THE COUNTRY LOCKSMITH

If you have ever gone out of town for the weekend you know how costly it can be. About five times per year, however, the vacation bargain of the century occurs: The Motorcycle Run.

"But I don't have a bike," you say.

Well, neither does anybody in three out of five or six of the large, active MC's. "These Clubs are really buddy clubs," Barbary Coasters Road Captain Bob Rowbottom states. Last weekend it was he who managed the clubs' annual camp out, on the South fork of the Stanislaus River at Spring Gap. The site is the oldest one in continuous use in Northern California,

was only 30 minutes; the BC's dedicated the Duck Dance to Jim and Tom's band of rowdies. "Baby Dolls" was one of the best group numbers offered that evening.

M&M Productions hauled up their electronic wizardry and kept the campers entertained with good music all weekend. Marv played "The Wedding March," Saturday morning in honor of all the marriages formed on Friday around Ray Floyd's fire circle. Director Jonni Valle locked his keys in his car (he did the same thing on his own run; cute but ditsy). The high, rapid waters of the river inspired Phoenix Uniform Club's Warren Cave to hike up stream to the dam and lash together a raft which made it all the way back down to the

delicious stuffed Pork Chops. We licked our jowls and settled in before Remi and Matt's stage, and were treated to a fine Run Show. Mike Gill worked the stage as the head mistress of Barbary High, finally letting her hair down in "The Real Me." Blond and bearded work horse Jason Garret made his stage debut with "Over and Over" as Prez Antony Vega sang clever "Bobby's Girl" to his lover Bob Rowbottom. Another first timer was Bob McPhail in a solo "Splish, Splash." Our head chef Larry V starred in a great Supremes "Stop in the Name of Love" and in the last act Remi and Gene Forest stopped the show with "Graduation Day." Michael Hopper made a special trip up Saturday evening to appear with Matt, Michael Gill and the Nurses in a scene with Gill as a pregnant high school girl and Doc Hopper as the daddy. Matt rescued Hopper with "Poor Fool," (Matt's first solo effort). Fun stuff.

While up in the woods Warlocks' Charlie M. christened his new bike Tillie #4. (This is one that escaped JC). We were also treated to the presence of The Grand Duck candidates; Michael Snider and BC's own Ken Wright who got so busy with his campaign that he forgot to bring his overlay. His clever fortune cookie and unique square pin have matched his running mate's fine graphics. Sable also did a guest night number. Her opponent Phoebe Planter was enthusiastic about the run, her second. It was rumored that Sable and Phoebe shared the same sleeping bag Friday night. The campaign is refreshing since the four of them are friends, having worked on the same campaign together in other races. They treat one another with dignity and graciousness. This should be a fun year no matter who wins. Michael and Phoebe will hold a raffle at Castro Station, for Shanti Residence Project on August 9 at 9 PM, followed by a party at The Eagle on Thursday, August 11, at 9 PM.

Tuesday 9 will see Ken and Sable at The Roxy Roadhouse at 8 PM and Febe's at 9 PM.

This is Reno Rodeo weekend. Shit 'n' Say Howdy, y'hear!

Karl's Calendar

Thursday, 8/4: Phoebe Goes to Febe's, ICF Benefit, 8pm. MC-DCM Michael, featuring ICF-OTT Show Tape.

Send Off Bash. For Lou Rudolph, 544 Natoma Gallery, 7pm-12am, RSVP: 621-2683.

Saturday, 8/6: The Ranger in Concert. The Ramrod, 9:30pm, (also 8/7-8pm).

Sunday, 8/7: ICF Beer Bust. The SF Eagle Patio, 3-6pm \$6.

What The Hell. S.I.R., Studio C (826 Folsom near 4th St.), 7 & 9pm, \$10.

Don & John's 37th Anniversary. (Can you believe it?), Febe's, 4pm-10pm.

The Arena Reno Party. 2pm-2am, BBQ & Drink Specials.

Tuesday, 8/9: Shanti Residence Benefit. Castro Station; hosts: Michael and Phoebe 8pm.

Sable and Ken at Febe's. 9pm. Coor's Pool Awards Party. The Stables, 8pm.

Thursday, 8/11: Candidates Michael and Phoebe. At the SF Eagle. 9pm.

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Two-Wheelers in the Castro. More and more motorcycles are being seen in the Castro. The city government is aiding the growth by providing increased numbers of cycle parking spaces on the street. (Photo: Rink)

and also one of the most primitive. Portapotties were the one luxury present, and even they were leaning backward somewhat, giving one the sensation that you were going to fall backwards in this smelly box, through Jack Goodall's tent and into the river!

The cost was only \$55 for nine gourmet meals (prepared by Larry Velasques, Chuck Eargle, New Associate Michael Cole, et al.); two shows, a guest show (by the SFGDI's and others) and The BC's own Saturday Evening Follies. The more than 200 men present looked like the Bohemian Grove East, for the enclave was peppered with the powerful as well as some of the hottest men this side of The Brig.


The campsites got real festive: The Polish Prom, by The SFGDI's, featured punch and hors d'oeuvres, as they walked away with the best group site award. The OOB (original) has changed its name to The SOB (Sweet Old Biddies) and will incorporate this year officially. They did "Madge" in the Guest Night show on Friday.

At the BC's wouldn't let the J/O's do 45 minutes in this production (their own Run Show

Ambush Camp.

Saturday afternoon was also characterized by Bike events: Light weight was taken by Rain-bow MC's Lou Rudolph and seconded by hunky Jerry Mather. The Medium weight category was dominated by Yoshi Mataula, who beat Valley Knight Mike Mataula by inches. The big boys were lead by Jim Holton, who topped Warlock's Prez Frank Rouch. Jim will be insufferable for a week now, I just know it. The Sweepstakes laurel for best all round rider went to Mr. Rudolph. The Buddy event was garnered by Tony Soot, driven by Jerry Mather, just ahead of CMC's Prospective Tony Treviso, who was on burly Constantine Gary Kenyon's bike. One of the BC's best traditional events is Gold Panning in the frigid waters of the stream. CMC's newest David Howsley and Phoenix Jerry Albert tied in this event. After people events and the Polish Prom, cocktail hour continued with High Tea at the IRS Camp (Independent Run Sisters) and a river side open bar offered by the CMC.

Costume judging and a sock hop dance contest whetted our appetite for Larry and Chuckle's



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RIVETS

Wild One Dreams on Folsom

TOM ROGERS

It was probably the fact that I'd combined television with dinner that did it. I always have wild dreams when I do that.

A big tenderloin covered with mushrooms and two hours of Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* was all it took to turn my dreams (and Folsom Street) into a bizarre, up-dated version of that 1950's "classic."

For those of you who haven't seen the film, *The Wild One* features Brando as the leader of a motorcycle gang that storms into a tiny burg and raises so much hell that the townspeople arm themselves with shovels and tire-irons, vigilante style, to restore order.

Progressive for the '50s, the film is just too tame for words now.

And Brando's characterization of the gang leader leaves anyone older than ten with the distinct impression that motorcycle gangs are composed of forty or so desperate bottoms willing to follow anyone who identifies himself as a leader—even a guy with all the gusto and charisma of a slug.

Well, anyway, my dream took care of all that—sort of. It started off with a dog show that someone is staging somewhere between Third and Sixth Streets on Folsom. Everything's going fine until this big crowd of guys on bikes, dressed, in sharp contrast to the rest of the spectators, head to foot in leather, roar into the middle of the promenade of owners with obediently heeling dogs. They start circling around this one dear in drag with a pink tea-cup poodle to match. One of them gets close enough to grab the dog and somebody else snatches the owner's wig.

"The F.L.U. will roast you for this," she yells hoarsely.

The bikers disengage their circling formation on sight of a big contingency of uniformed men marching toward them in double-file formation.

The uniformed men sharply salute as they pass a Grecian column on top of which is seated a policeman, then they simultaneously draw their swords (which look strangely like fingernail files) and, holding these weapons at a high attack angle, execute a right turn toward the offending bikers.

Suddenly the tea-cup poodle turns into a golden peanut mounted on a base that is shaped like a crown. The biker holding it sticks it inside his jacket and hollers "Let's get out of here!" and they roar away from the scene just in time to miss a uniformed chorus-line kick.

Before they get very far the leader gets thirsty and stops the whole bunch for a drink at the Watering Hole. After a few drinks some of the bikers get carried away and start fucking a pool player with a cue stick. The leader yells at them to knock it off and gives them enough guilt attitude about their public behavior to convince them that they need some culture. He decides that they should go to Chez Mollet for French menu lessons first, after which art appreciation is suggested and they all take a tour of the Arena and the Ambush.

When they get inside the Ambush they all take a liking to this little wolven-looking dude auctioning off a painting, and they start bidding on him instead of the painting. The

auctioneer decides that's not his scene and throws his paint board at the wall causing it to become a bigger-than-life-size mural of Kerry. It's so life-like that it becomes animated enough to smile and say "Hello, there. Everybody Happy?"

The painter runs past the gang and out the door before they collect their composure.

Coming to, one of them yells "Get him!" and they storm out the door, jump on their bikes and take off after him. They catch up to him in the Eagle patio but are distracted by three men taking pictures of a big dude juggling dishes.

One of the photographers, a short guy with silver hair, walks up to the juggler, grabs three of the dishes out of mid-air, and does a Zorba-style jig, and smashes the dishes on a big dot painted on the patio floor.

The big dude starts to strangle the silver-haired one but is stopped by the crowd, which holds these two apart, while the bartenders form a fireline brigade to pass booze to J.C. who's using it to fill a huge vat in the middle of the patio.

"This'll cool them off," he leers.

Frank Benoit, one of the bikers, throws some buttons to the

lowed" when they threaten to call the Emperor. Some of the bikers, winking at each other, offer to help them.

They load the drags onto the backs of their bikes and go to the Brig, explaining the Emperor can be called from there. Once inside, they grab the drags and drag them up the stairs to the back of the bar where there's this wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling telephone switchboard.

A slender little dude operating the switchboard turns to greet the rough crowd. "Talk to me," he says.

The bikers shove the drags forward saying "They want to talk to the Emperor. Show 'em how."

The switchboard operator (whom I finally recognize as Sonny Padilla) has the bikers hold the drags against the switchboard. Pulling cords from the floor and plugging them into the board, he soon has the drags firmly strapped to the board.

A short round guy with glasses steps forward from the bikers and takes over the bondage operation, and when he finishes, a row of faces are all that can be seen from behind the black switchboard cords.

Sonny grabs a mike and announces "It's Your Body," then throws a switch that zaps the drags just enough to make them shriek in choral unison.

A tall, slender dude with an English accent steps forward with a bullwhip and suggests that he provide the "beat" for Sonny, who starts to sing, throwing the switch on and off for



Dangling Gang. What is the meaning of this group of men all dragging a single earring? And is that really Tom Rogers (2nd row, right)? Or was it all a dream?

crowd from a ladder propped up against the vat, then pulls out a long 2x4 from somewhere and starts stirring up the mixture in the vat.

"Okay, that's enough," announces J.C. "Throw 'em in."

The gang throw their two captives into the vat. The silver-haired one climbs up out of the vat and spews out ice-cubes and booze. He smiles at the crowd and says "More orange juice and less mustard, please." The big dude climbs out and starts doing a song and dance number around the edge of the vat that vaguely reminded me of the "Drinking Song" from *The Student Prince*.

J. C. hollers that it's time for a beer and everybody goes into the bar. Pandemonium rules. The bartenders are going crazy because they're moving so fast, they're pouring beer all over the customers.

Suddenly the bunch of drag queens arrive with their dogs. They're promptly showed the door. As they're pushed out they're forced to confront a big sign that reads "No drags al-

backup accompaniment, while the whip cracks rhythmically through the air.

Read Gilmore then sticks his head out through the back door and announces that dinner is ready and all the bikers follow him into a dining room that looks strangely like the Fickle Fox.

As they file through the restaurant to a large dining room at the back they're showing each other the earrings they copped from the drags and start putting them on each other as a joke.

Frank Benoit stands up and introduces the newest members of the gang, who strongly remind me of Frank Hausa, and Michael Nameth, and Al Martino. "We're sorry David Stoll had to work," says Frank. Jan Durbin stood up and took his picture.

Just when I've talked my gorgeous waiter into giving me head under the table, Gary Kenyon snaps an earring on me and the pop of a flashbulb wakes me up.

Like I said, it was a dream.

KARNAL KNOWLEDGE

The King and a Royal Pretender

KARR

The temptations last week were great, as two of the city's hetporn theatres showed movies with some sort of Gay relevance. At the Kearny Cinema is *She-Males in Torment!* The ads describe it as "The First Transsexual S&M Feature," screaming "Transsexuals Dominated," and "WARNING! This movie is very BIZARRE and pulls no punches!" I haven't seen it yet; I've just had my faith in mankind rekindled by Hello, Dolly and I am not quite sure I can take this sort of punishment. As a title, though, *She-Males in Torment* ranks right up there with *Oriental Housewives in Bondage*.

The Presidio and Centre Theatres are screening *Sulka's Wedding*. Sulka is the actress with the immovable mannequin face, rock-hard silicone breasts, and penis between her legs. Sulka stopped halfway through her transsexual readjustments, thereby assuring herself a secure career as a carnay attraction. She's a leading lady who can also be a leading man, can be fucked as well as fuck . . . there must be a market for this sort of thing; I'm more curious to see who's in the audience than what's on the screen.

My attention has been absorbed by four magazines from Close-Up Productions which feature J.W. King — Jim King, as he's more familiarly known. The Ruler of My Heart.

Close-Up is a new company producing video and magazines. They're putting out a good product which gets better continually. And when your first magazines showcase Jim King, you're starting at the top.

Issue Two of Close-Up Magazine stars King and introduces several other models — the raunchily adult Joe Andrews, the teenage Robbie, and Folsom Street type Ryder. Photography

and reproduction are fine, hard-ons and cum shots abound, and there's a fair amount of color. And there's Jim, his balls shaved and pubic hair trimmed, looking just swell and swelled up about as big as a guy can swell.

A magazine called *Love, Robbie* offers either comic relief or serious arousal, depending on your needs from the printed page. Sprinkled around solo pictures of Robbie and Jim King is the correspondence of the teen-aged jock to his coach, Mr. King. They sure write dirty letters. The letters didn't work for me, but the pictures of Coach King using his whistle thong as a cockring sure did. See King cum on a basketball! See him demonstrate the flaccid, semi-erect, and erect positions of cock arousal in sex education class by doffing his clothes and delivering an in-the-flesh demonstration! He's just so collegiate in his suit and tie. He's just so . . . appealing out of them, his cock saluting. What a classroom fantasy.

Two other magazines are made of stills from Close-Up Films. *Tightropes* finds J.W. sporting the beard which caused seismic reactions in these quarters when first seen. He also wears a leather armband and dog collar, and in one bondage sequence lashes his cock to that of co-star Ryder. It's a pretty butch workout, with Ryder lashed to a metal rig and King working his cock and body.

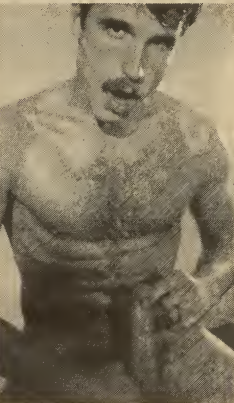
Half the magazine is devoted to newcomer Johnny Keller. A dark-haired Sky Dawson type, Keller has a lot to offer and does so savagely. I hate using the word "hot," but he's it. Cheekbones, complexion, attitude, hair . . . if you flip for this preview, as I did, you'll love *Close-Up Number Three*, for the entire magazine is devoted to him. Close-Up ought to film him with King — what

a summit meeting that would be. He might not usurp King's throne, but he's certainly the heir apparent.

The last magazine is devoted entirely to a Close-Up film called *The Drifter*, which finds ranch hand Joe Andrews being hired to work J.W. King's spread. Turns out the other way around, and the pictures are to die. What these guys can do in a chicken coop hatches eggs in a hurry. King's body is at taut perfection. So is his cock, especially when bound with a rawhide thong.

The day's "chores" done, the pair move inside for a beautiful session of mutual cock adoration. The magazine is choice, a classic among King's output. My copy's been doing double duty ever since I got it.

Thanks to Close-Up for this bumper crop of Kingianna, and for the delectable Johnny Keller. Check out the magazines in local porn emporiums, or write Close-Up, Box 205, North Hollywood, CA 91603.



Newest Hot Stuff. Johnny Keller, a Close-Up discovery.

SWEETLIPS SEZ

Time Flies, or Planks Change

DICK WALTERS

On Sunday 14 the New Bell Saloon is having an auction for KS/AIDS from 2 'til 6 PM. Keep that date open and try to make this auction, as the monies are sorely needed. Also, if you have anything to donate to the auction, take it to the New Bell Saloon; right, Randy Johnson?

Billy Buns is now at Queen Mary's Pub on Turk Street and Daddy Joe Roland says that he is doing a fantastic job with lots of new faces and great vibes in the bar.

Schatzi is still at the Hungry Bear Restaurant in the Civic Center Travel Lodge on Larkin Street and serving some great food . . . this spot is open 24 hours a day so you can have a meal or breakfast at any time.

Scott Rankine stays on at Fanny's through August . . . Fanny's has new owners and the new plans for the place are a joy . . . Viva, Claudine!

Totie can't drink as much as she used to since she had her feet bound . . . but you still seem to be doing okay, Totie!

Marvin and Rudy of the Russian River Resort were in town for a few days to see some shows and to visit some of the bars . . . surprised you, didn't I guys, when you found out that I did tend bar?

The July issue of *Omni* has a very interesting article by Nobel Prize winner Baruj Benacerraf, who states: While others panic over the epidemic of AIDS he searches calmly for the cure he's convinced lies within the body's

mysterious immune system. This is a very interesting article and should be read or reprinted.

Torch Song Trilogy has been held over to September 11, so if you haven't seen this marvelous play get your tickets soon.

Happy Birthday, Harold of the Kokpit and Googie's, on Monday 8 . . . Boy, doesn't time fly? The Gate at Pine and Jones now has David Burton on the plank Sunday and Monday evenings.

They also have done some extensive remodeling and the bar area is almost finished. By Labor Day they plan to start serving Sunday Brunch until the main dining area is completed. The place looks great, Rene.

Savages has a new owner and they plan to keep up the current film schedule of running hot and horny films and changing them weekly . . . yes, Tony is still there as the manager, so drop down and join Savages for you'll truly have a good time.

Yes, Dolly Dale is still on the plank at the Polk Gulch Saloon afternoons, with Tony Lasagna there mornings.

Hey, Dixon of the Mint, when are we going to get together for some pub crawling?

Mr. Tony Valentine presents "Spotlights on Fire" at the Stallion on Saturday 6 at 9 PM as a special tribute to Ken and Sable — raffle and live band. Tony has moved back to the city — permanently.

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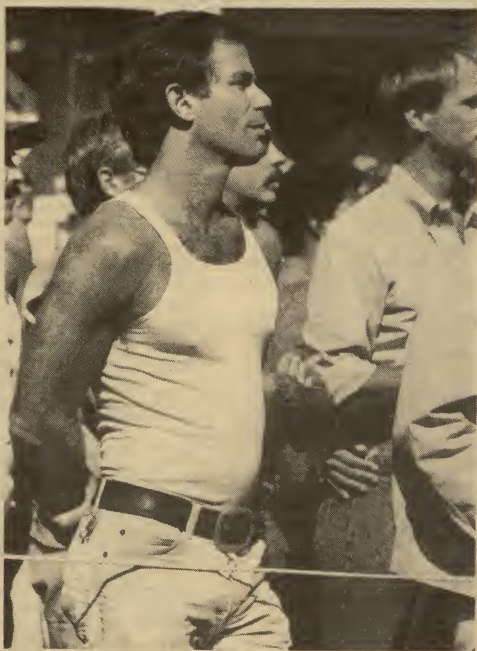
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The King. J.W. King, as he appears in *The Drifter* magazine by Close-Up Productions. His beckoning look is directed at Joe Andrews.



Eyes Right! Right to this charmer, that is. He was so involved with the Dog Show he didn't feel the camera's close caress. (Photo: R. Pruzan)

Authors on Aging

The *Journal of Homosexuality* will devote a special issue to aging. Authors are invited to submit theory or empirical articles for the special issue on aging to: John P. DeCecco, PhD, Editor, *Journal of Homosexuality* CERES, San Francisco State University, San Francisco, California 94132.

Possible topics for manuscripts include physical health, sexual relationships, friendship circles, intellectual and aesthetic pursuits, beliefs about sex, and so on. Theoretical as well as empirical articles are welcome.

Concord Tackles AIDS

A support program for people who have AIDS (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) and for those who are "worried well" about AIDS is being developed by Diablo Valley Community Center of Concord. The first meeting, which will be primarily informational in nature, is scheduled for Monday, August 22, 7:30 p.m. at the Center. Future plans call for weekly support meetings as needed as well as the availability of professional

Manuscripts must be no longer than 25 pages, typed in double space, including tables and references, and should follow the *APA Style Manual* (American Psychological Association). Authors' names, affiliations, and any identifying footnotes should be typed on a separate sheet. The manuscript should be submitted in triplicate. Each article will undergo blind review — anonymous manuscripts will be reviewed by anonymous reviewers.

Authors wishing to have topics considered for the forthcoming special issue should submit a short statement of intent (500 words or less) as soon as possible.

counseling.

The development of the support program is in preparation for the potential need for local AIDS support and counseling resources and addresses the need for educational outreach to the local Gay community.

Diablo Valley Community Center, located at 1818 Colfax Street in Concord, sponsors a variety of programs for the Contra Costa Gay community. Telephone (415) 827-2960 for more information about the AIDS meetings or other programs. ■

ble. The tentative date for the submission of complete manuscripts is December 1983.

Papers presented at the annual conference of the National Association of Lesbian and Gay Gerontologists (NALGG) will be especially welcomed. ■

Art in the Park

The coordinators of Art in the Park are currently reviewing the works of Performance and Visual Artists for exhibition at Art in the Park 1983. This fine art presentation, sponsored by the Castro Street Fair, will be held on the Music Concourse in Golden Gate Park on October 1 and 2. Theatre, poetry, film, video, performance art, dance, painting, photography, environmental art, crafts, mime and musicians will be included in this event.

To date, the San Francisco Gay Men's Chorus, the San Francisco Mime Troupe and Falcon Dance Theatre are slated to perform.

For application and details please contact: Frank Pietronigro, Art in the Park, P.O. Box 14405, S.F., CA, 94114 or call 552-5191. ■

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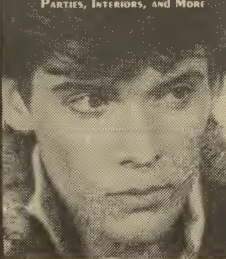
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